



PERKY



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SPIN SHAW



SWING SISSON

FEATURE

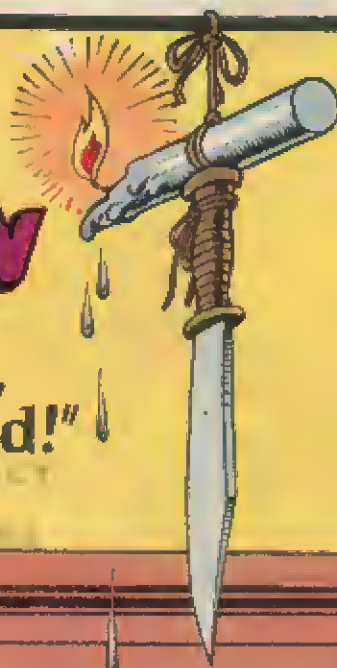
COMICS

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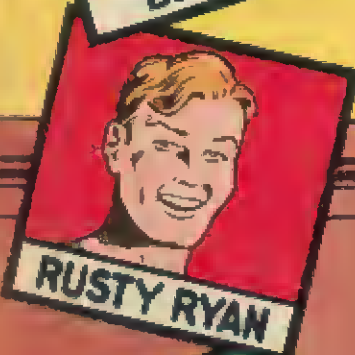
Don't miss
The
DOLL MAN
in his
GREATEST ADVENTURE,
"The Little Luck God!"



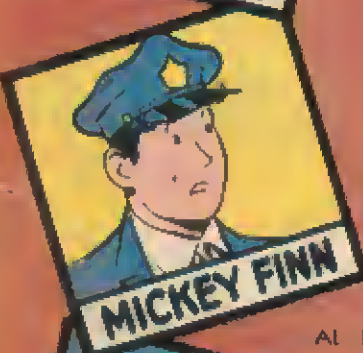
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BLIMPY



RUSTY RYAN



MICKEY FINN



LALA PALOOZA

AL BRYANT





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BIKE-LOGY

PONY EXPRESS vs HIGH WHEEL BIKE-

"BRONCO CHARLIE" MILLER, LAST OF THE PONY EXPRESS RIDERS, RACED A HIGH WHEEL CYCLIST 60 YEARS AGO IN LONDON FOR 6 DAYS. HORSE AND RIDER ARE SAID TO HAVE WON, ALTHOUGH IT PROBABLY IS SAFE TO SAY THE LEG-POWER OF ANY OF OUR MODERN 6-DAY CHAMPS WOULD CONQUER THE BEST IN MODERN HORSEPOWER



NEARLY THREE TIMES AROUND THE EARTH ON A BIKE -

OSSIE NICHOLSON OF AUSTRALIA A FEW YEARS AGO SET A LONG-DISTANCE RECORD WHEN HE RODE 62,657 MILES IN A SINGLE YEAR, A TOTAL DISTANCE OF ALMOST THREE TIMES AROUND THE WORLD



DENMARK



"BICYCLE LAND" -

BEFORE THE WAR, DENMARK WAS PROBABLY MORE BICYCLE-MINDED THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH. DENMARK BOASTED A BICYCLE POPULATION OF ONE BICYCLE FOR EVERY TWO PERSONS, INCLUDING INFANTS AND OLD FOLKS.

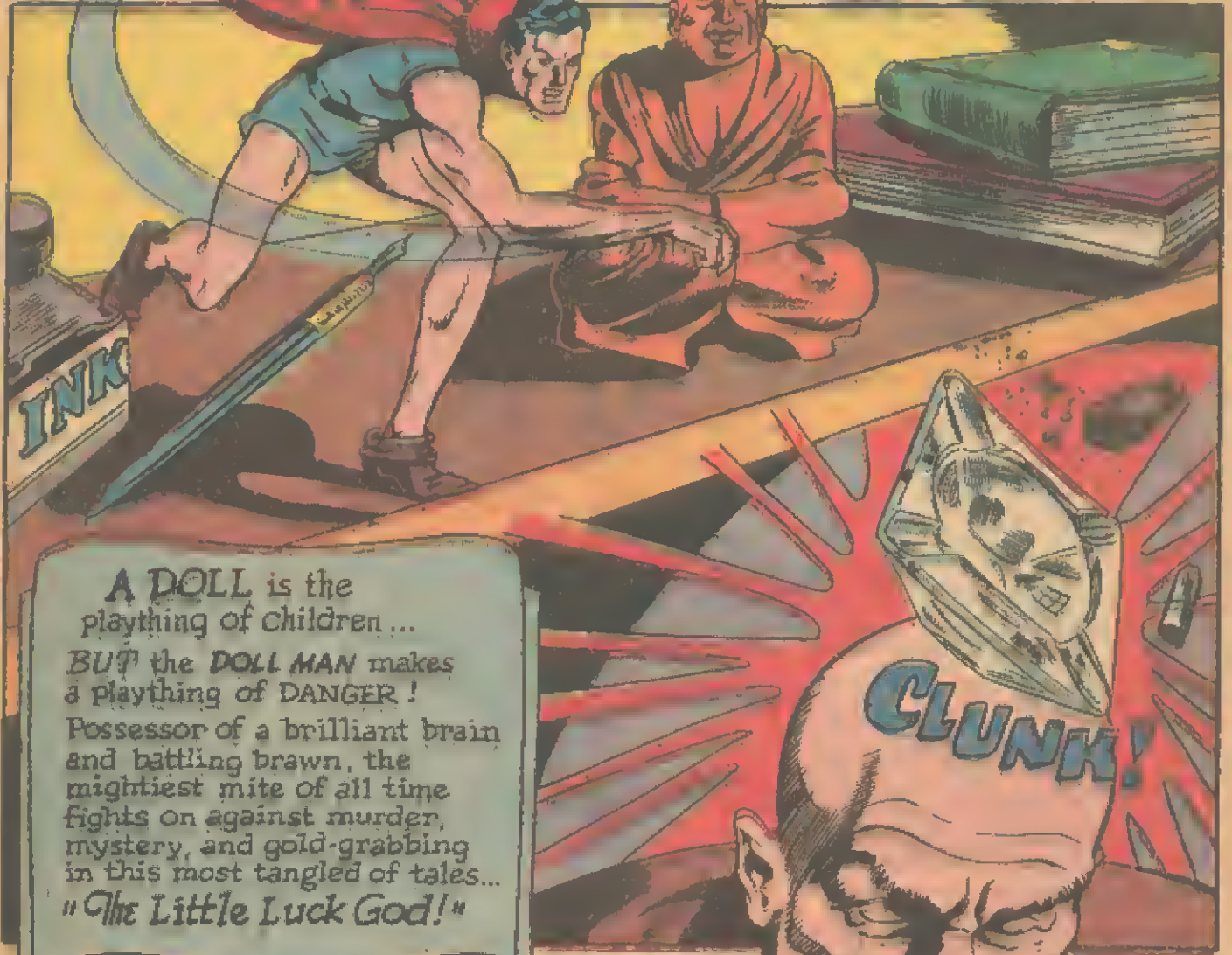
® TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

THE MORROW* COASTER BRAKE
OVER THE YEARS, HAS KEPT PACE WITH EVERY CHANGE IN BICYCLING. ITS FAMOUS EXTRA-LARGE HUB PERMITS ALL INTERNAL PARTS TO BE HUSKY AND STRONG - A FACT OF IMPORTANCE ESPECIALLY TO OUR ARMED FORCES TODAY, WITH WHOM THE **MORROW COASTER BRAKE** IS SERVING AS A VITAL MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

The DOLL MAN



A DOLL is the plaything of children...
 BUT the DOLL MAN makes a plaything of DANGER!
 Possessor of a brilliant brain and battling brawn, the mightiest mite of all time fights on against murder, mystery, and gold-grabbing in this most tangled of tales...
 "The Little Luck God!"

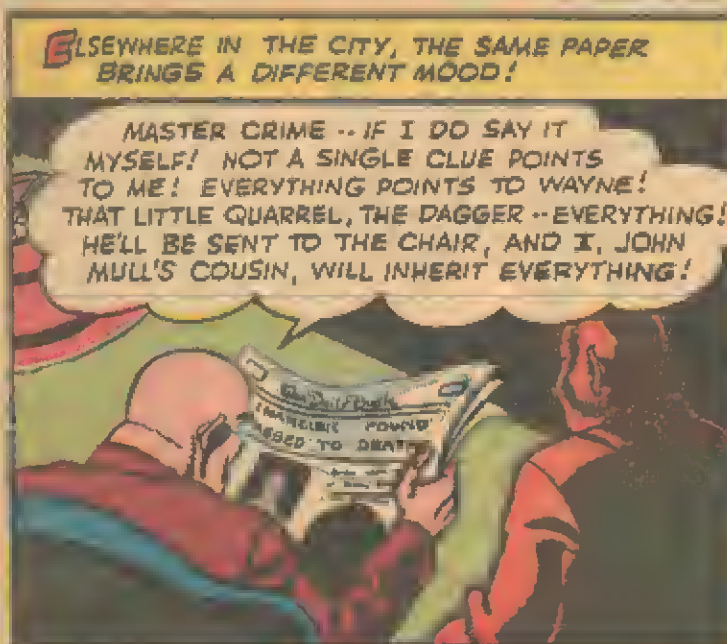
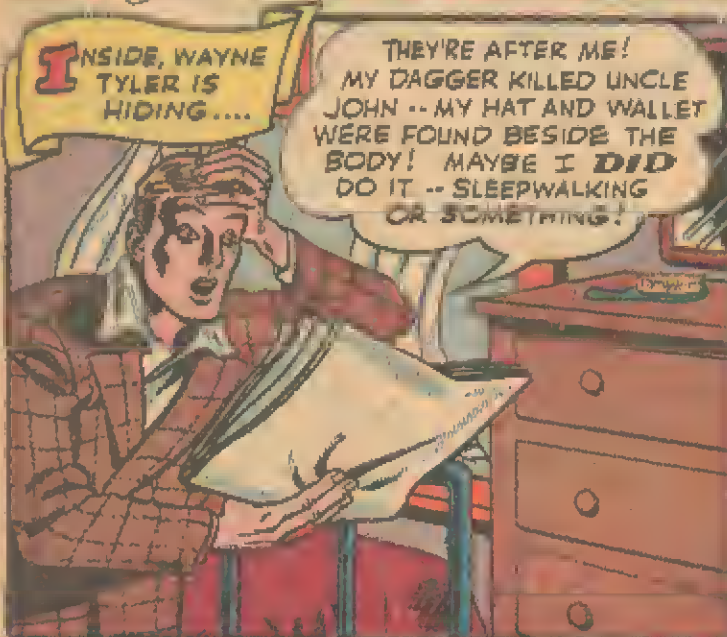
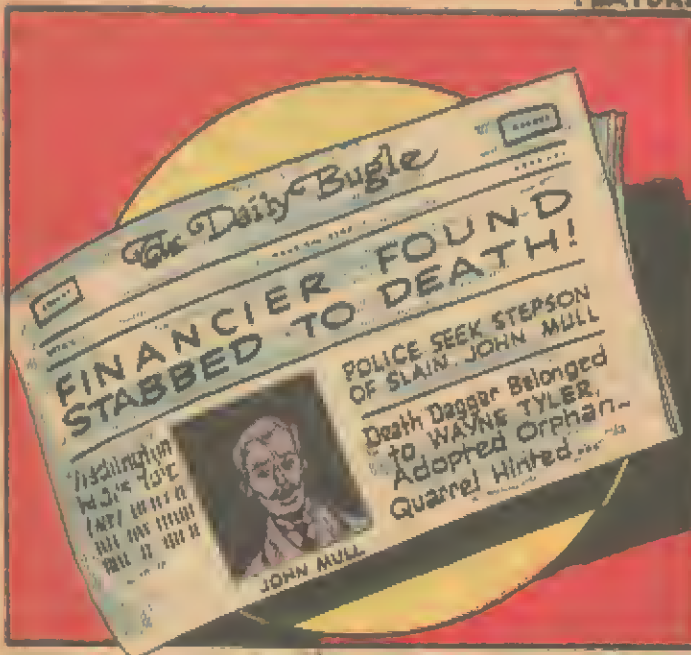


THE BEGINNING WAS WHEN ANSON MULL'S SUPERSTITION TOOK A SINISTER FORM...

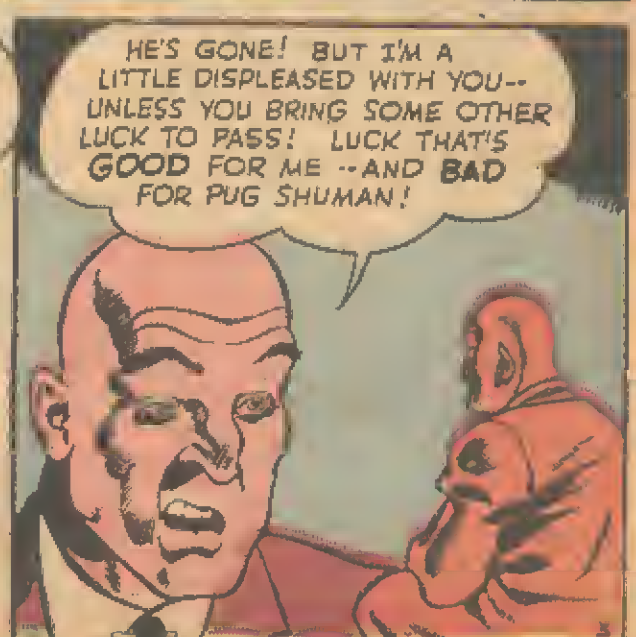
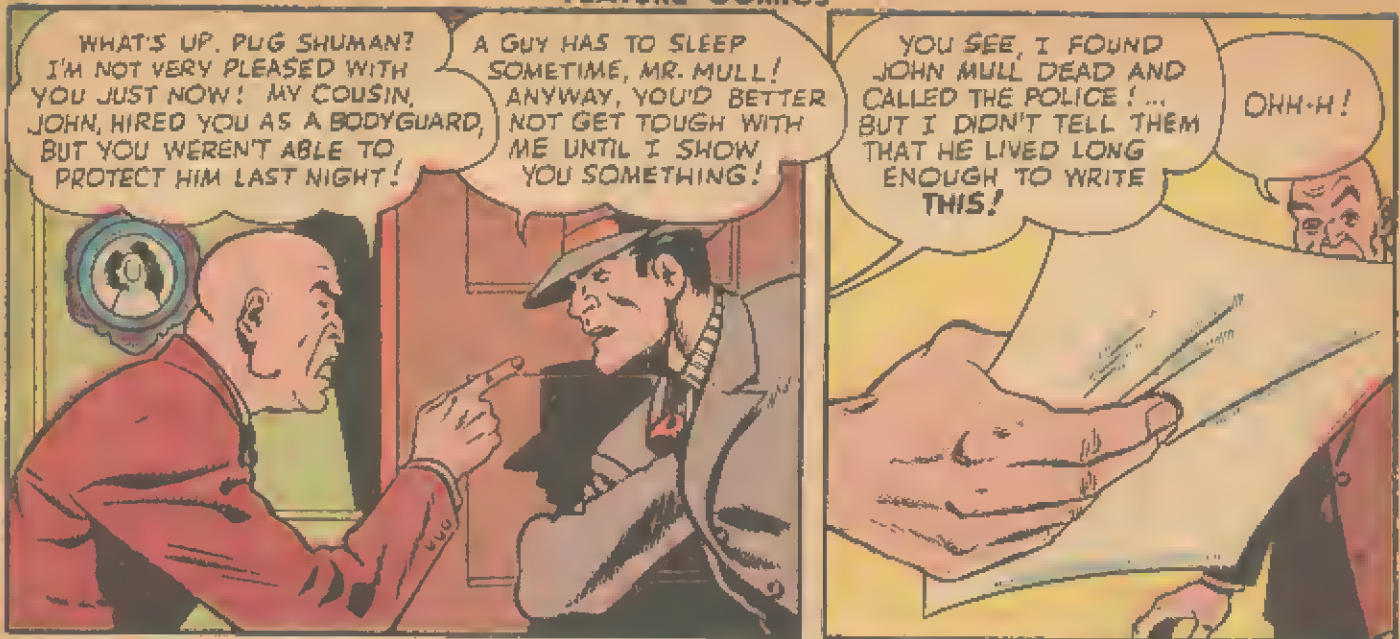
"THE LITTLE LUCK GOD," THAT CURIO-SELLER CALLED IT! HE SAID THAT IF I BOUGHT IT, I'D BE ABLE TO CONQUER ANYTHING... BY GOOD LUCK!

I THINK THE CHARM'S WORKING NOW! I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO GET THE MONEY THAT IS RIGHTFULLY COMING TO ME!



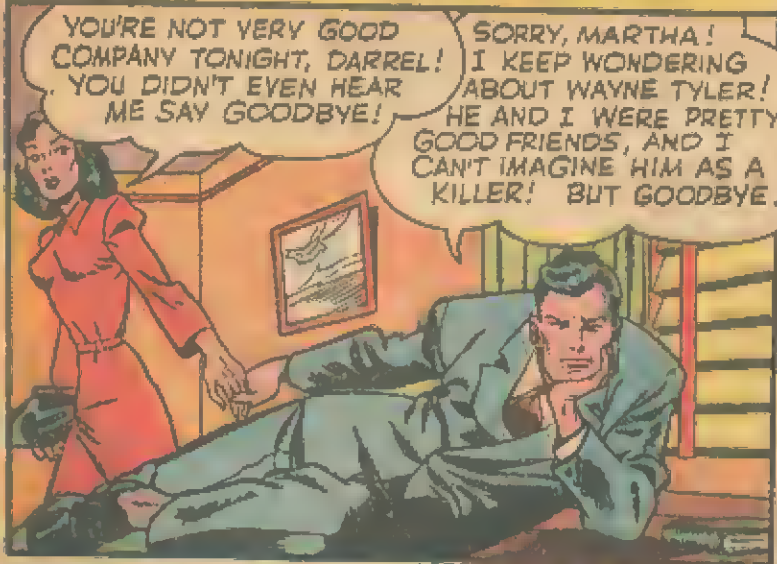


FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

AND YET ANOTHER MAN PONDERES THE KILLING OF JOHN MULL -- QUIET DARREL DANE!



YOU'RE NOT VERY GOOD COMPANY TONIGHT, DARREL! YOU DIDN'T EVEN HEAR ME SAY GOODBYE!

SORRY, MARTHA! I KEEP WONDERING ABOUT WAYNE TYLER! HE AND I WERE PRETTY GOOD FRIENDS, AND I CAN'T IMAGINE HIM AS A KILLER! BUT GOODBYE!

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY SOMEWHERE! BUT I'M NOT QUITE SMART ENOUGH TO PIN IT DOWN! IT NEEDS THE BRAIN OF THE DOLL MAN!



DARREL DANE EXERTS HIS WILL! ... THE STARS SEEM TO WHIRL IN THEIR COURSES! ...



... AND DARREL DANE HAS TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO THE SMALL BUT MIGHTY DOLL MAN!



THE CLUES LOOK BAD FOR WAYNE! HIS DAGGER, HAT AND WALLET AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

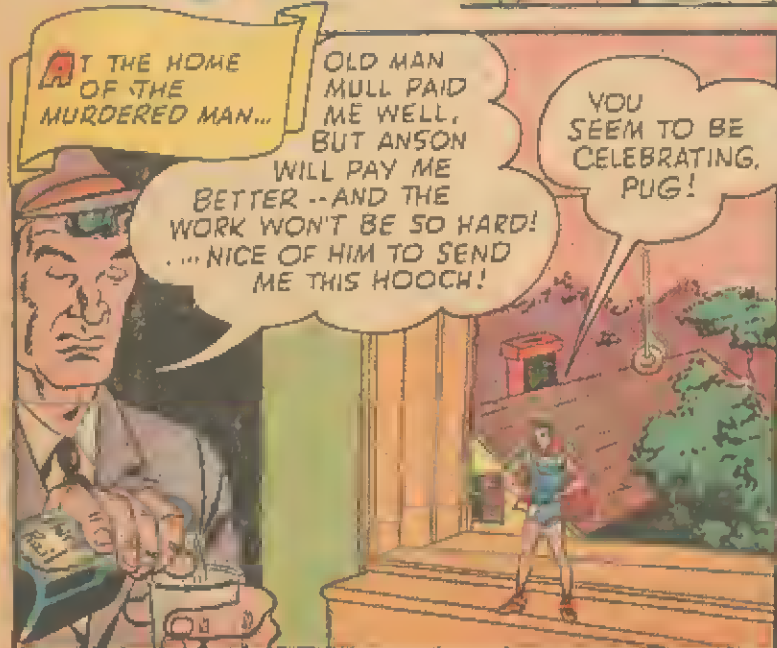
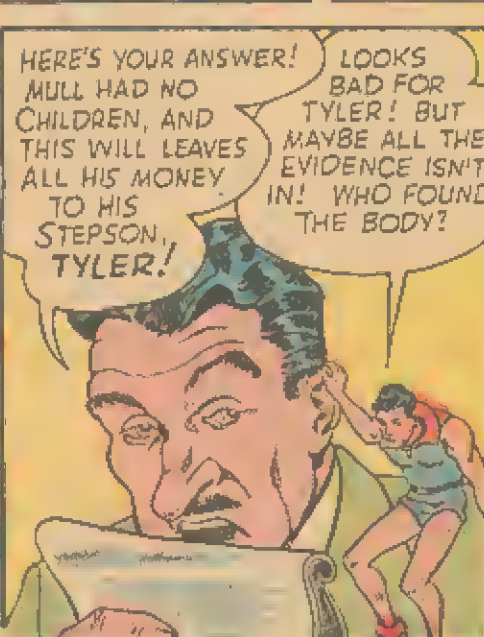
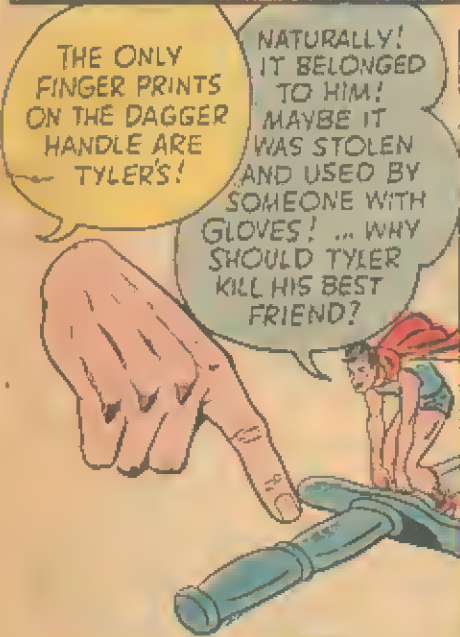
BUT THAT'S THE POINT! WHY DID HE LEAVE THEM THERE TO CONVICT HIMSELF?... I KNOW WAYNE'S SMARTER THAN THAT! ... PERHAPS SOMEONE ELSE LEFT THEM!...



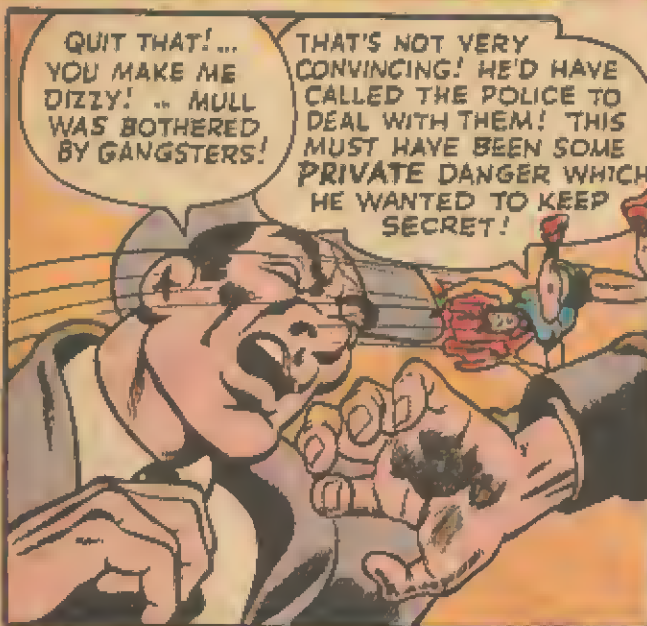
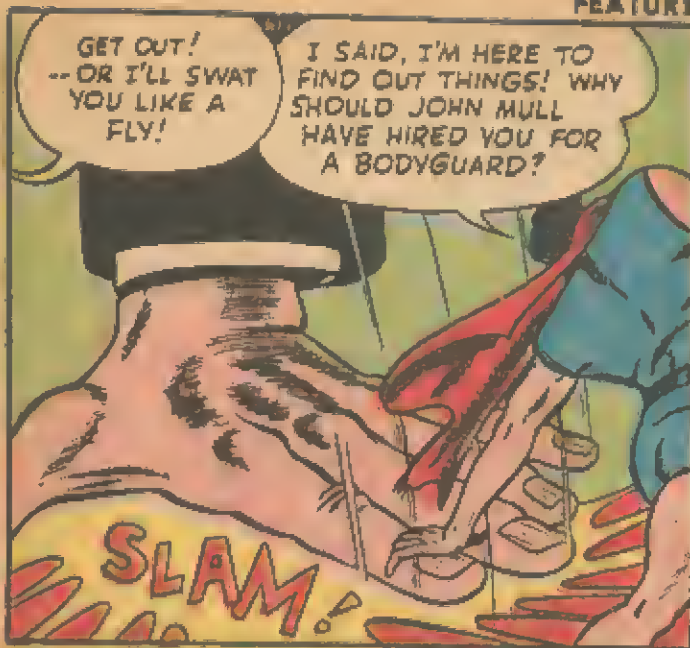
AND IF SOMEONE ELSE LEFT THEM, WAYNE'S BEING FRAMED --FOR THE CRIME OF ANOTHER! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO!!



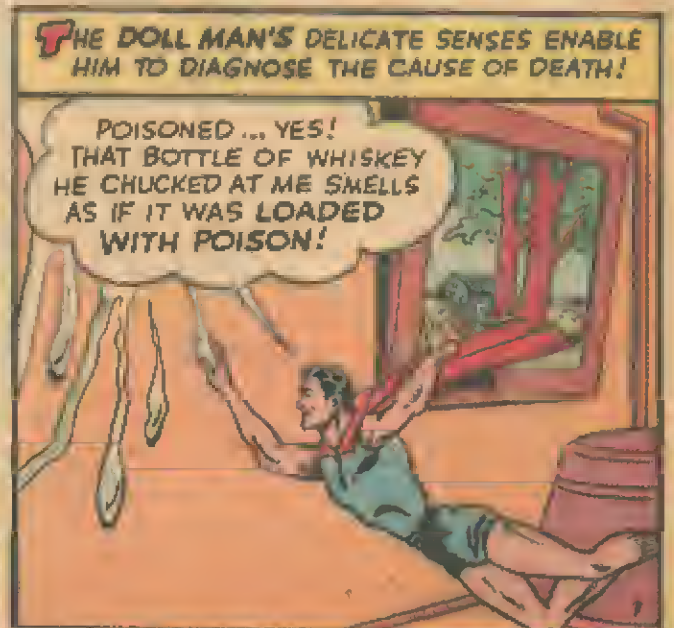
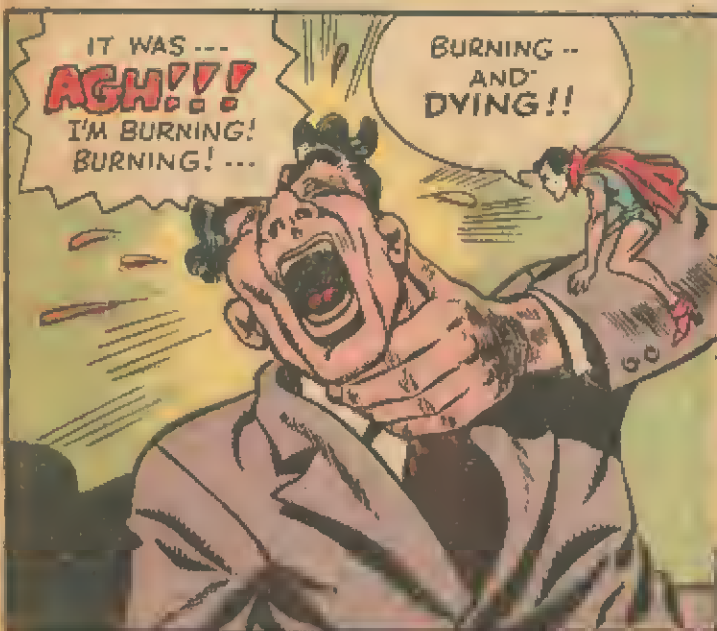
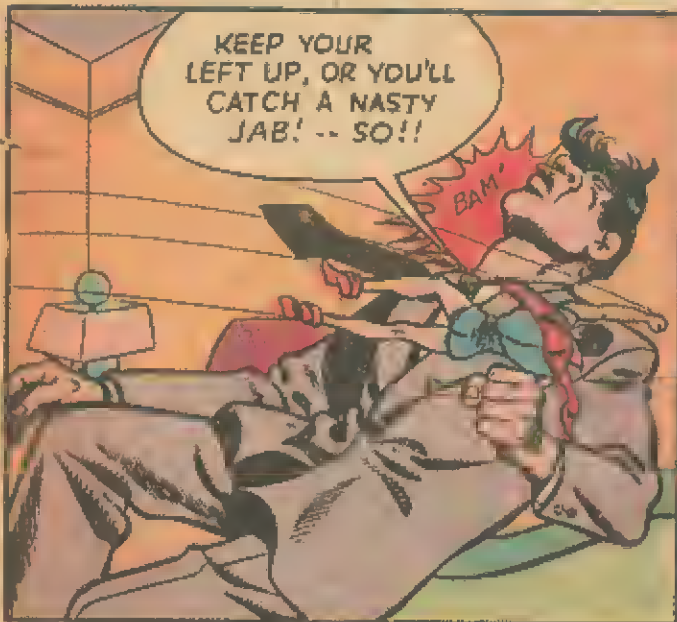
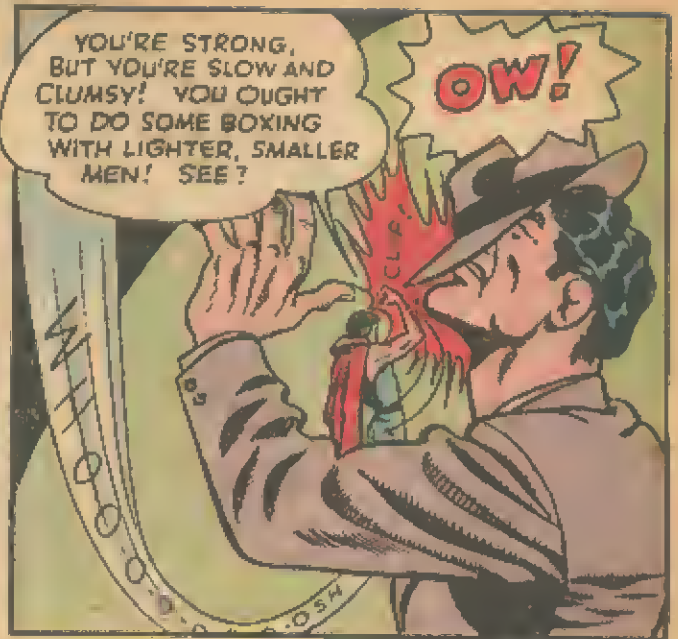
FEATURE COMICS



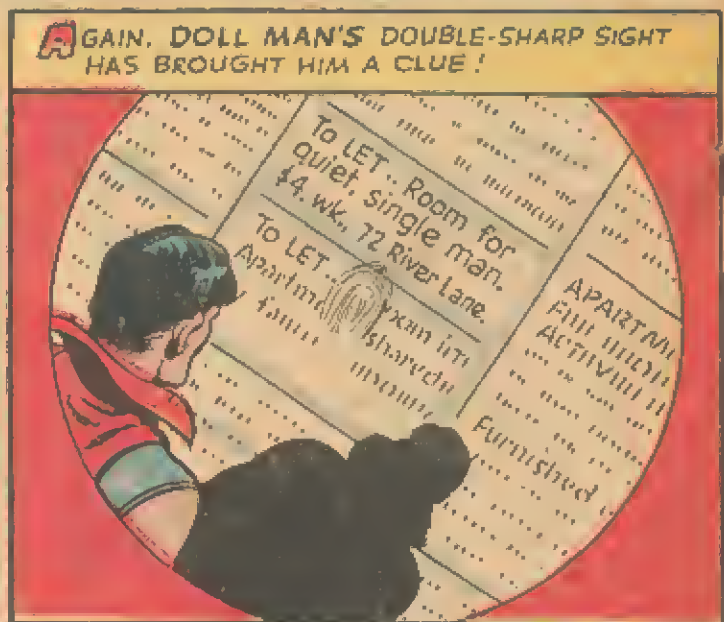
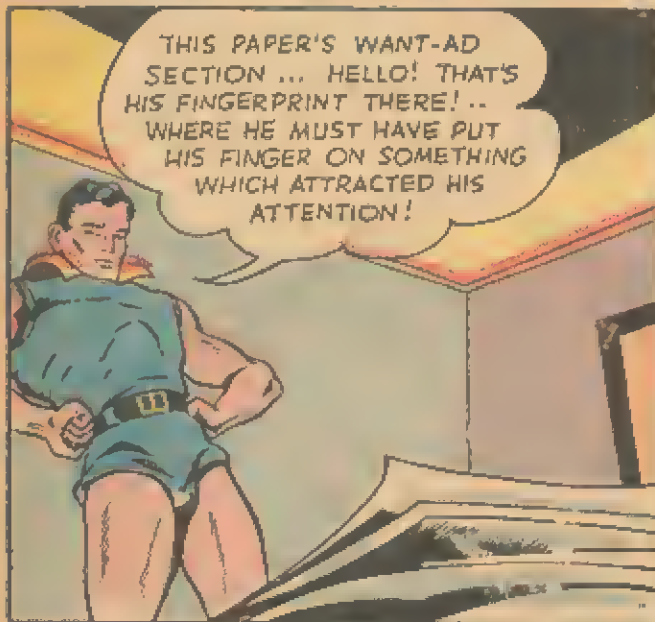
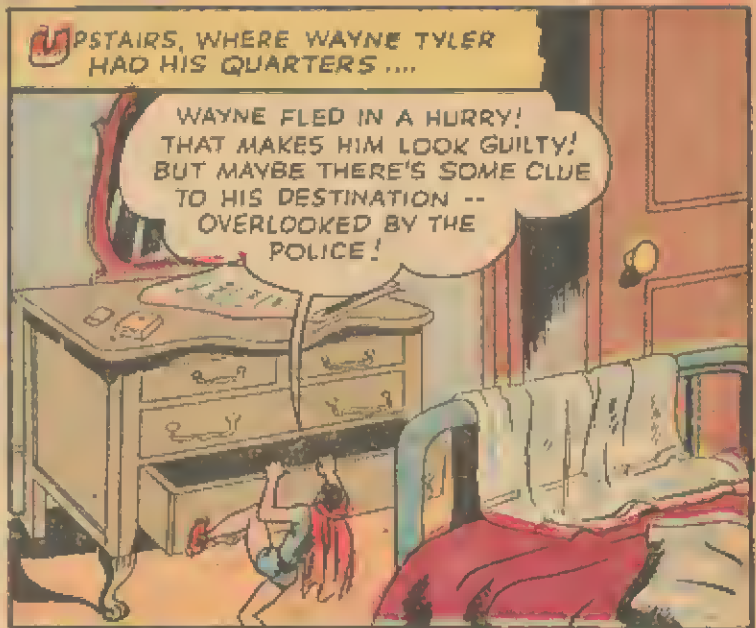
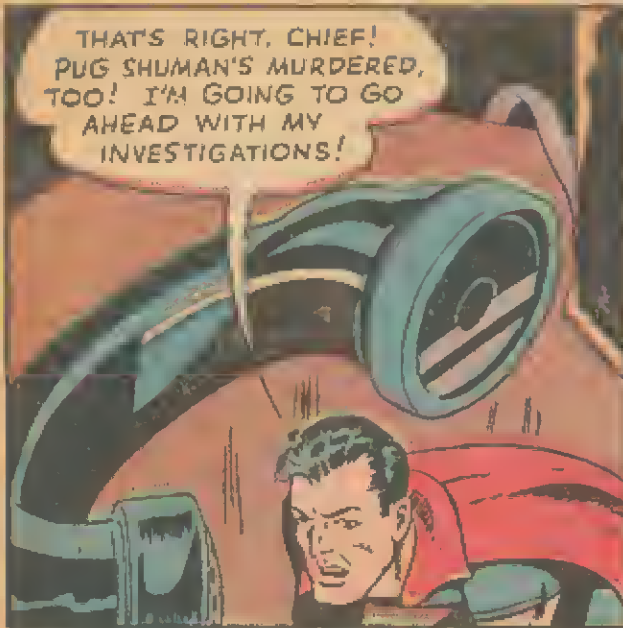
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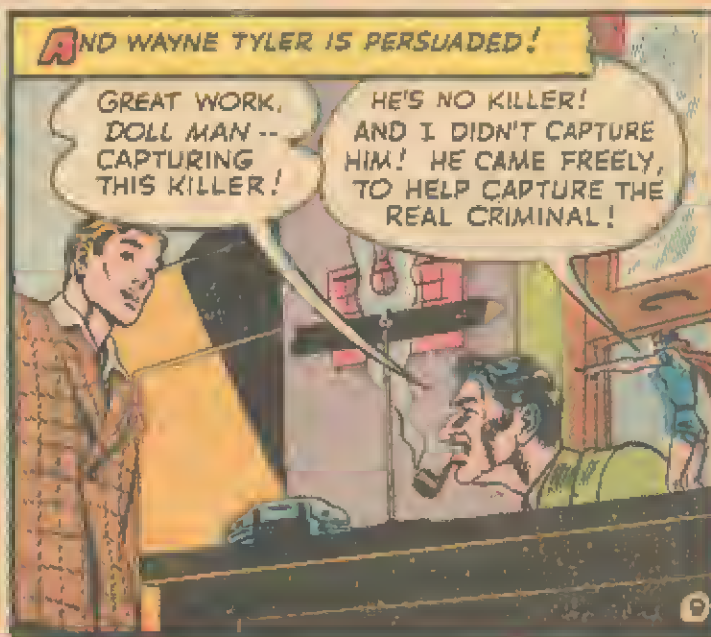
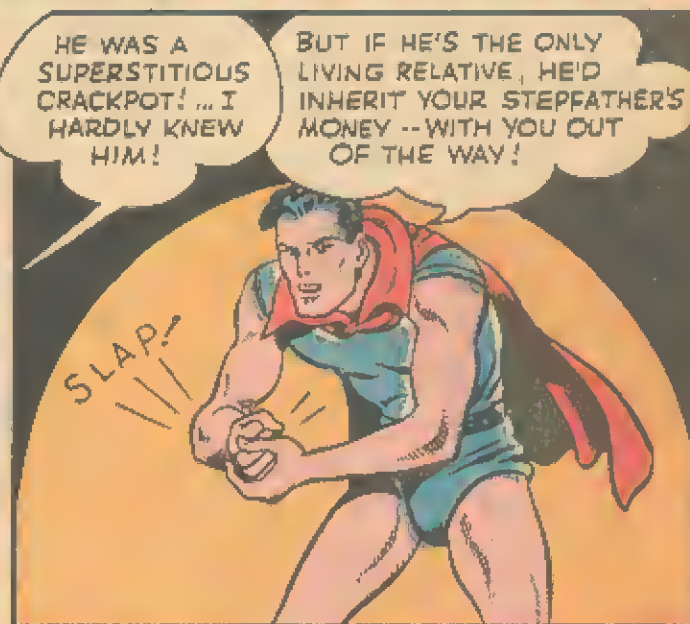
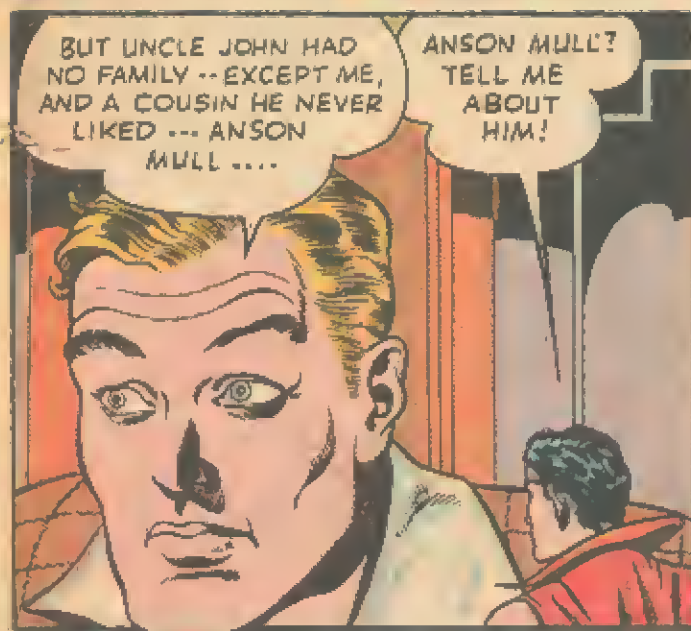
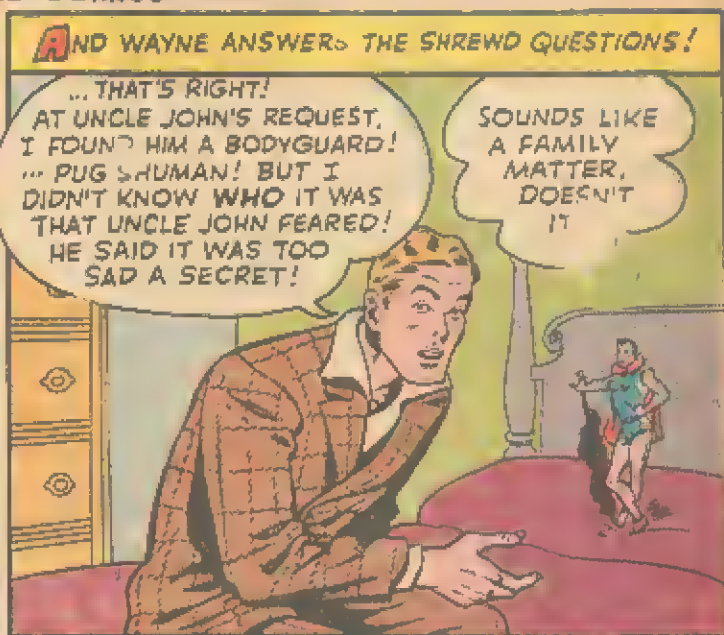
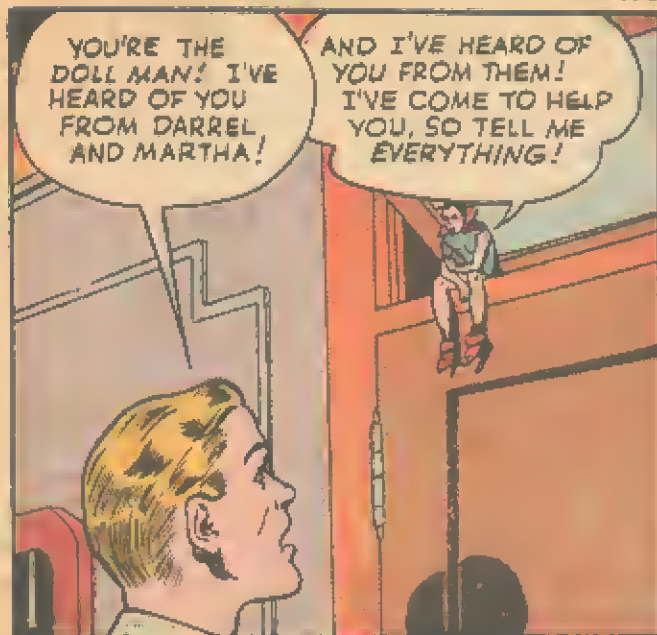
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

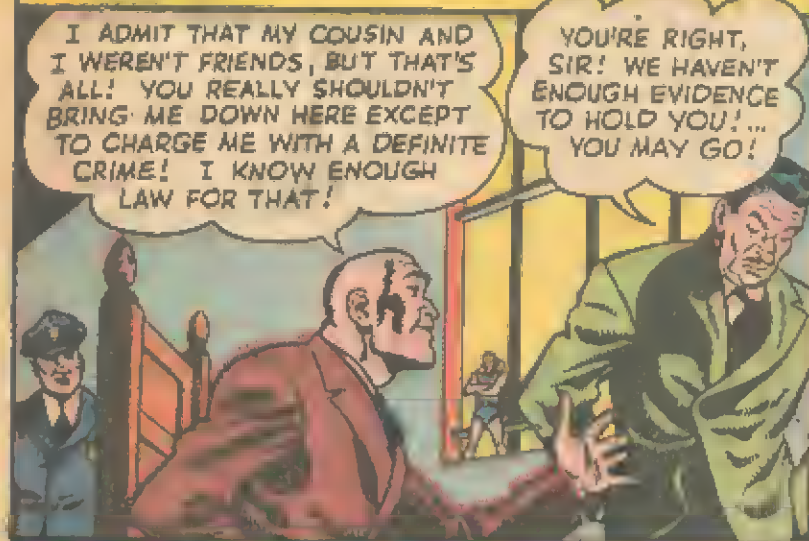
AFTER WAYNE HAS TOLD THE POLICE HIS STORY, ANSON MULL IS BROUGHT IN FOR QUESTIONING, BUT ---

I ADMIT THAT MY COUSIN AND I WEREN'T FRIENDS, BUT THAT'S ALL! YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T BRING ME DOWN HERE EXCEPT TO CHARGE ME WITH A DEFINITE CRIME! I KNOW ENOUGH LAW FOR THAT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR! WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO HOLD YOU!... YOU MAY GO!

SORRY, DOLL MAN, BUT WE STILL THINK YOUR FRIEND, WAYNE TYLER, KILLED HIS STEPFATHER! YOU'LL HAVE TO DIG UP MORE PROOF ON ANSON MULL BEFORE WE CHANGE OUR MINDS!

AND I'M ON MY WAY TO HIS HOME NOW!

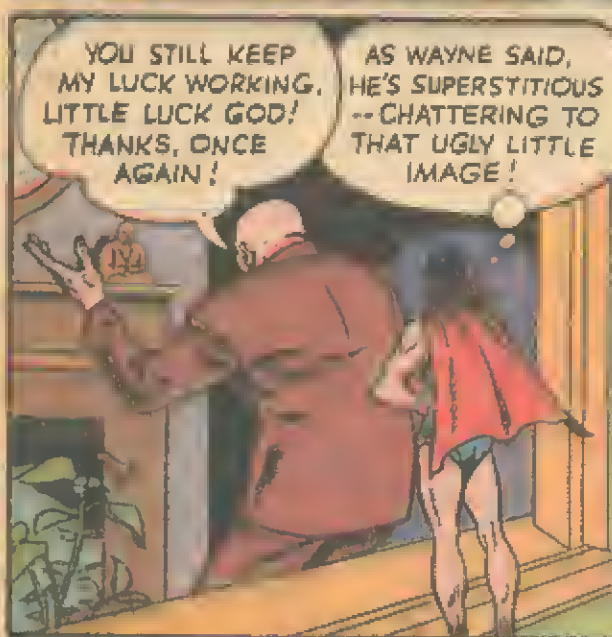


YOU STILL KEEP MY LUCK WORKING, LITTLE LUCK GOD! THANKS, ONCE AGAIN!

AS WAYNE SAID, HE'S SUPERSTITIOUS -- CHATTERING TO THAT UGLY LITTLE IMAGE!

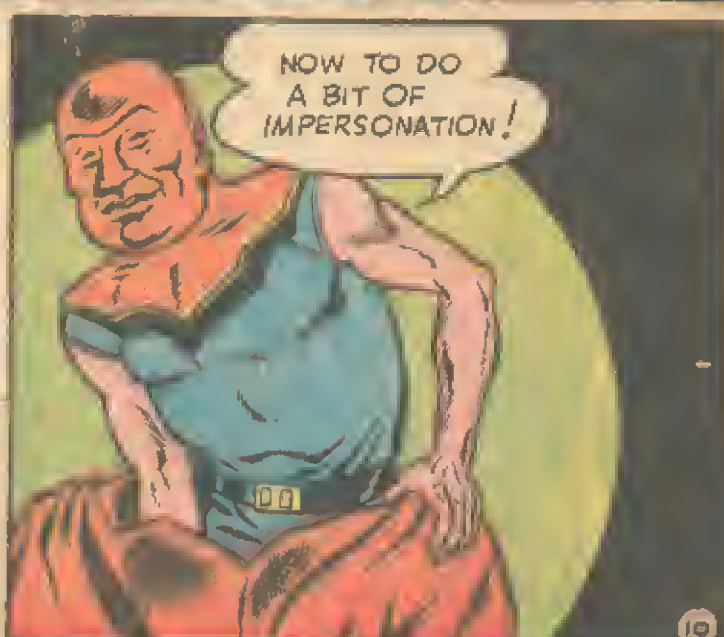
AS ANSON MULL TURNS HIS BACK, THE DOLL MAN SWOOPS AND STRIKES HARD!

IN FACT, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT, SUCH AS ALL GOOD IDOLS SHOULD HAVE!

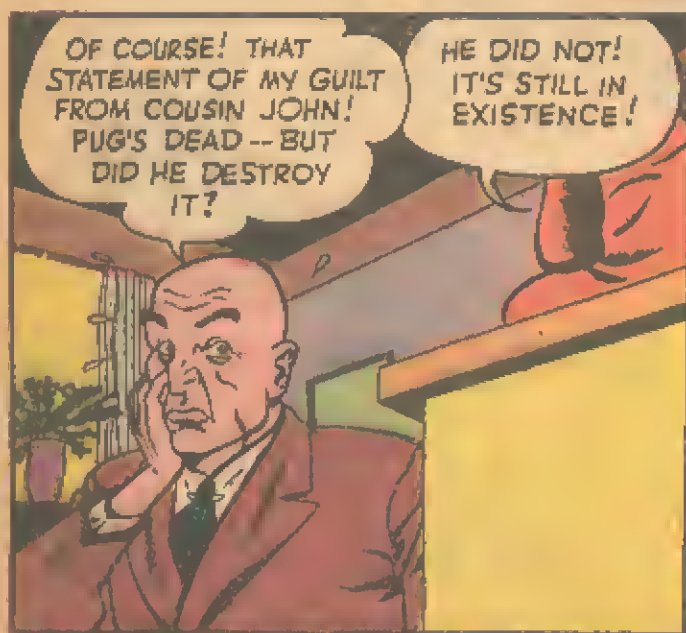
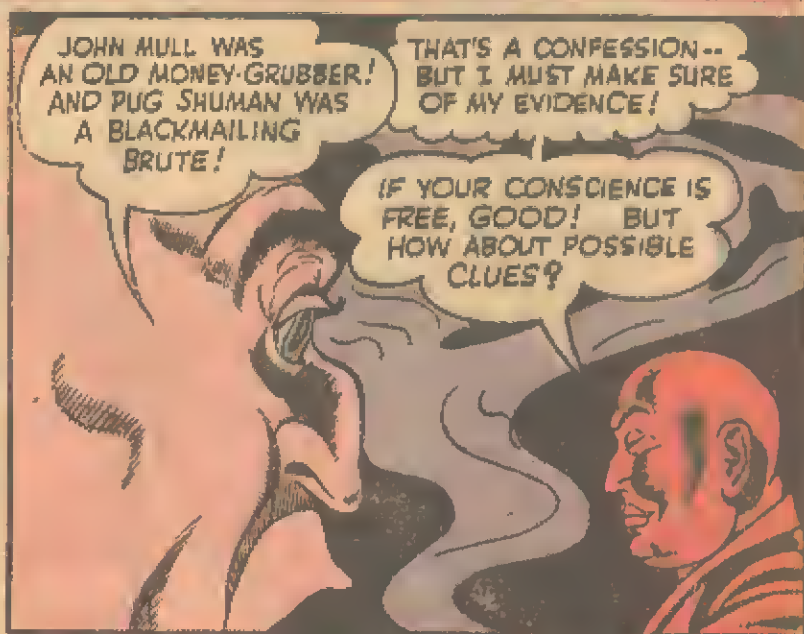
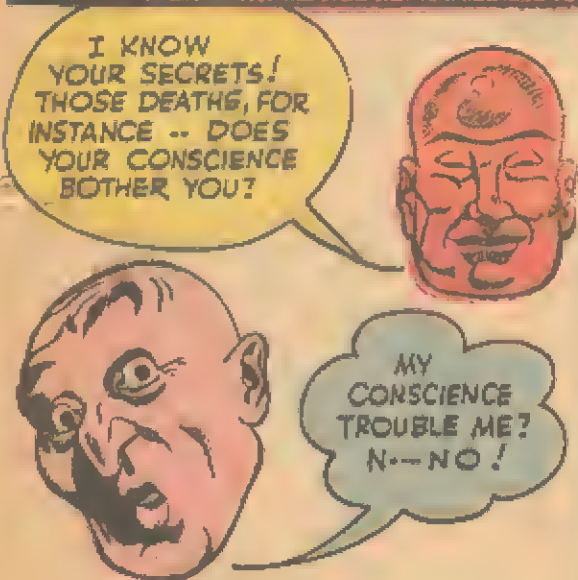


AS I HOPED!-- HOLLOW INSIDE! IT'LL BE A MASK FOR ME!

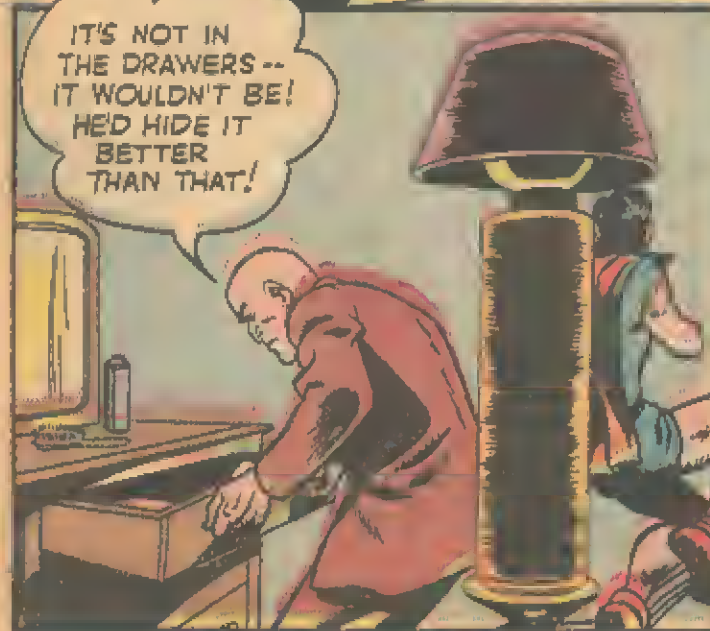
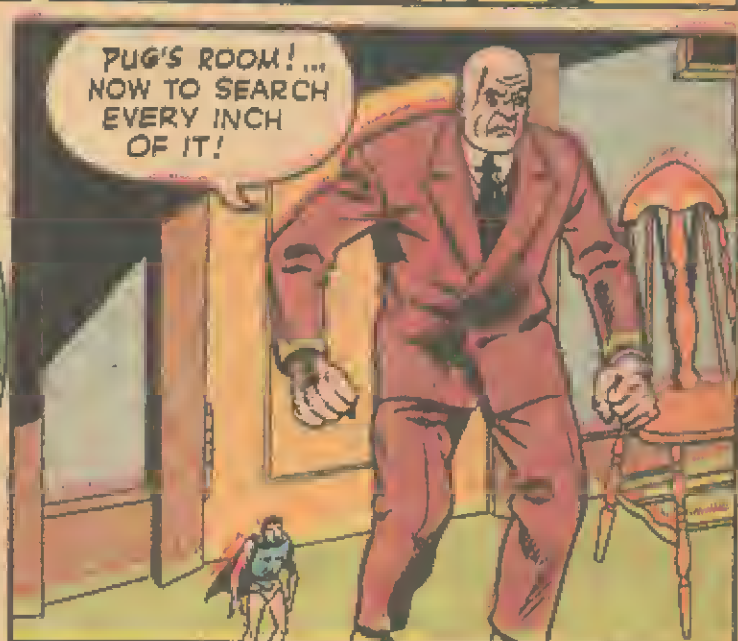
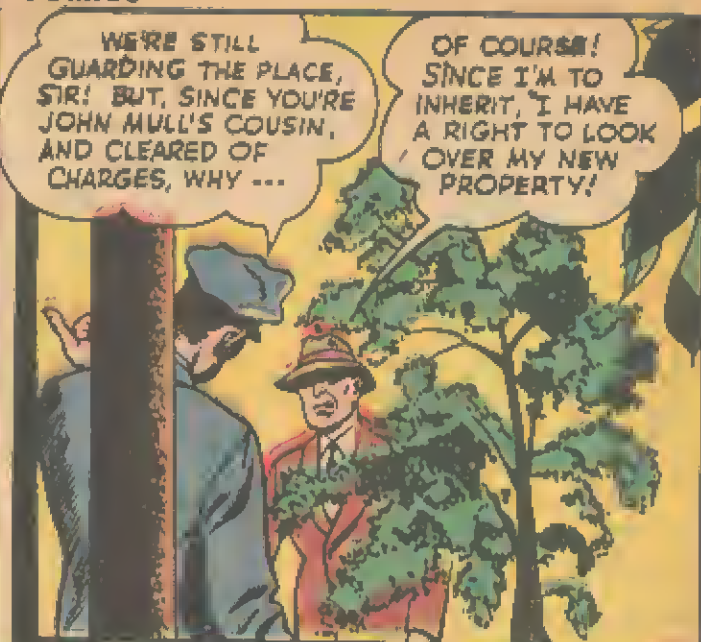
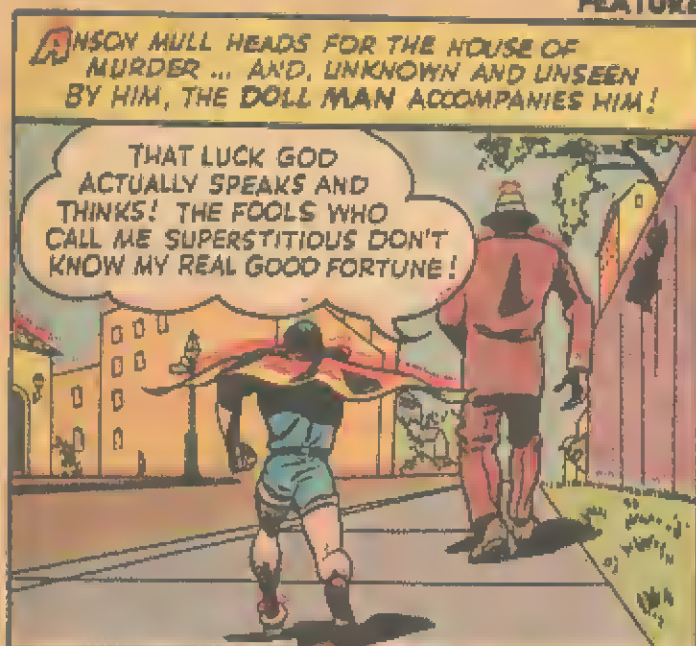
NOW TO DO A BIT OF IMPERSONATION!



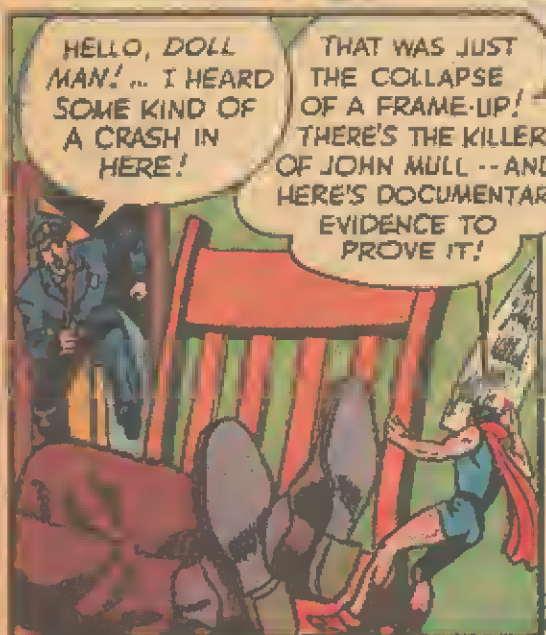
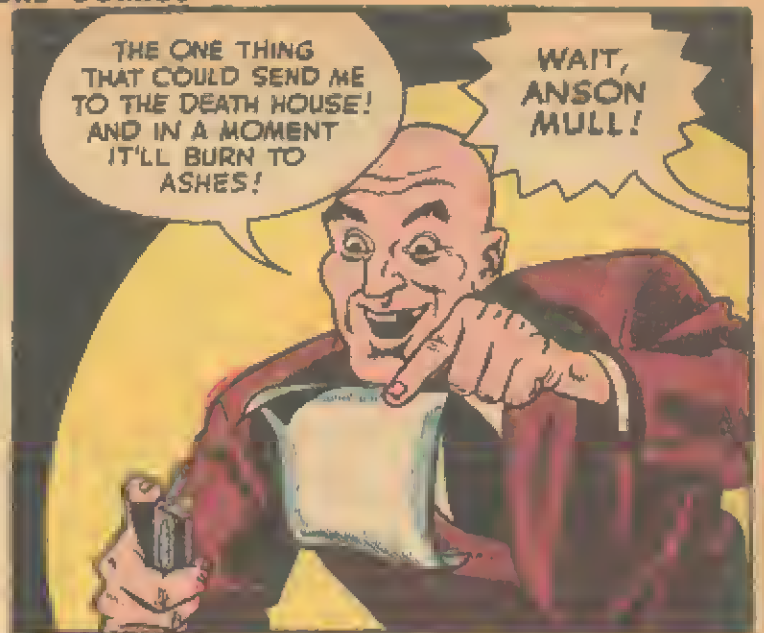
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

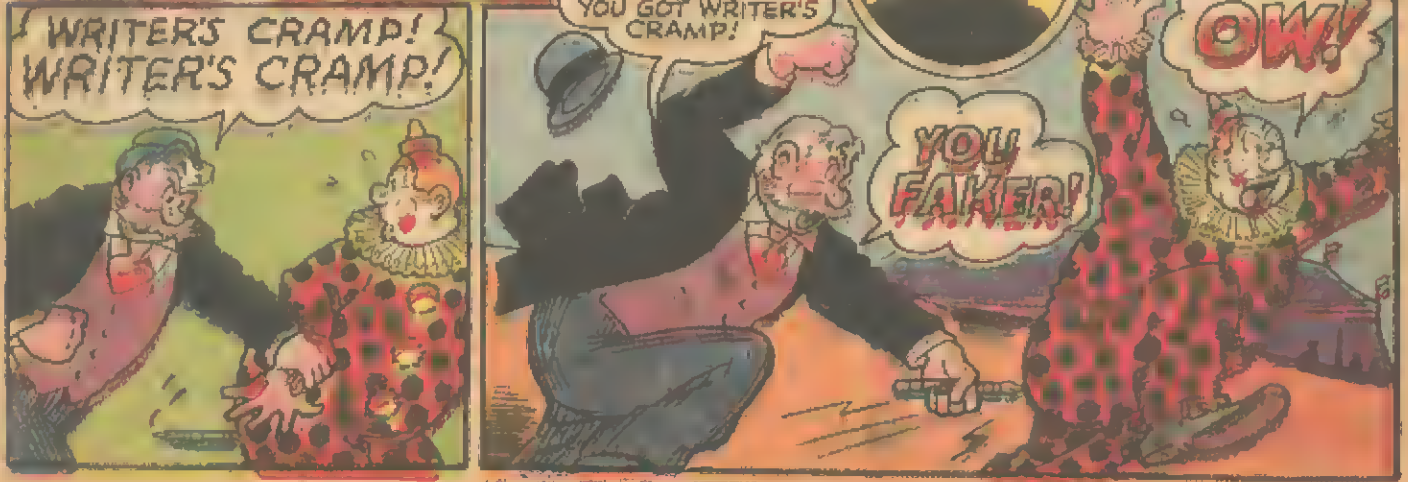
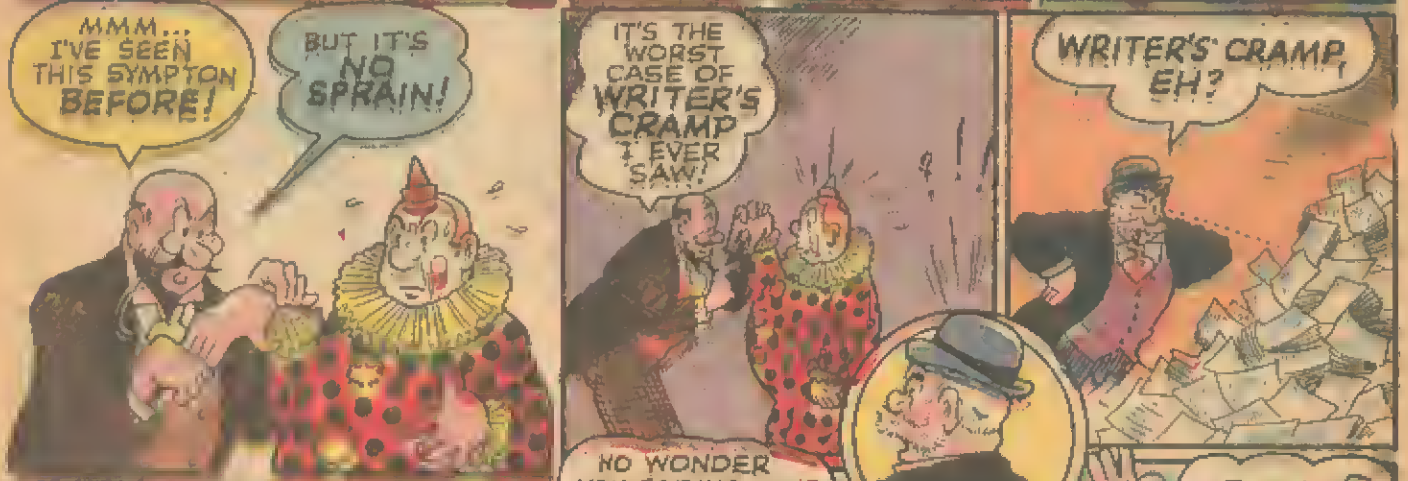
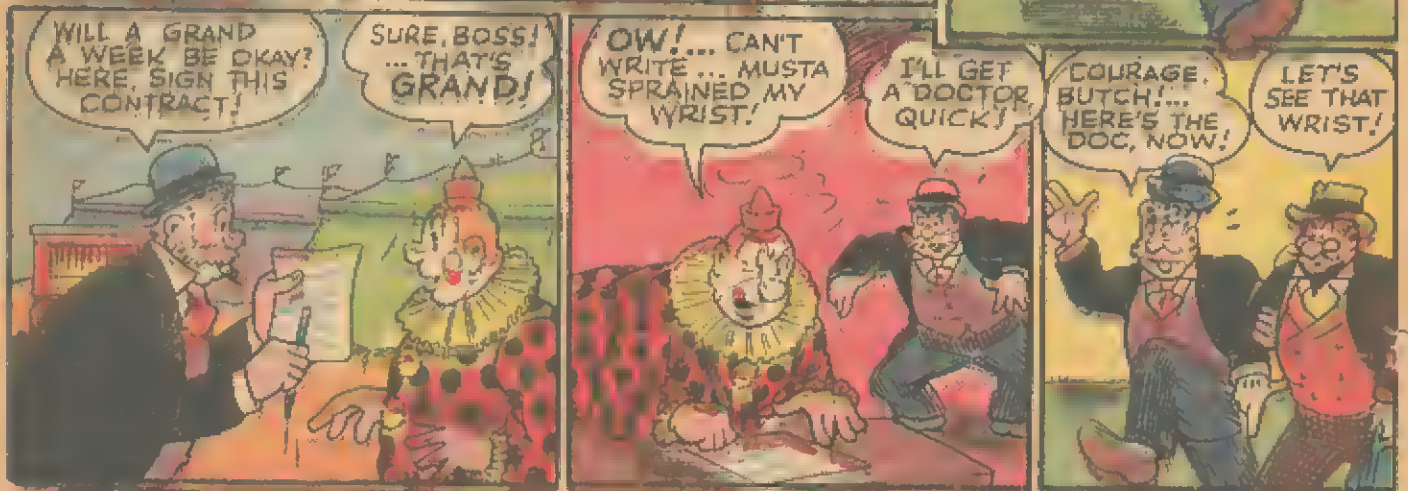



FEATURE COMICS



SMALL THE DOLL MAN MAY BE, BUT HE'S BIG ENOUGH TO HANDLE AN EVEN DEADLIER ENEMY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *Feature Comics!*

FEATURE COMICS





Big Top

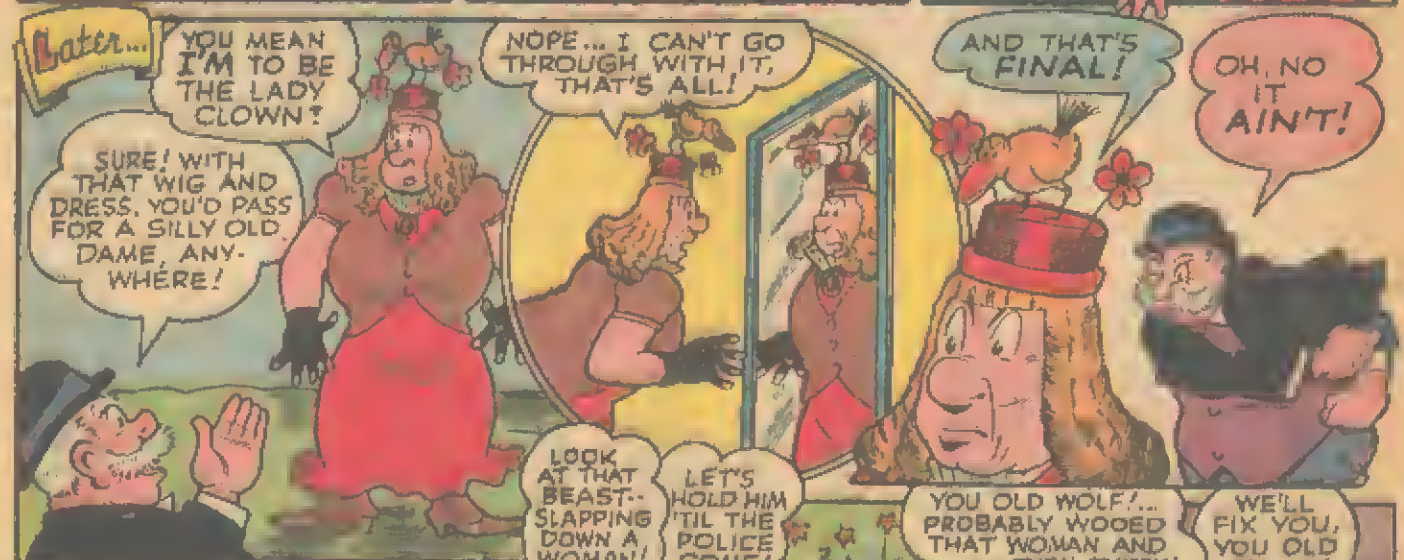
MISS MINERVA
The only **LADY CLOWN**
ALSO BUTCH AND OTHER FUN ACTS...



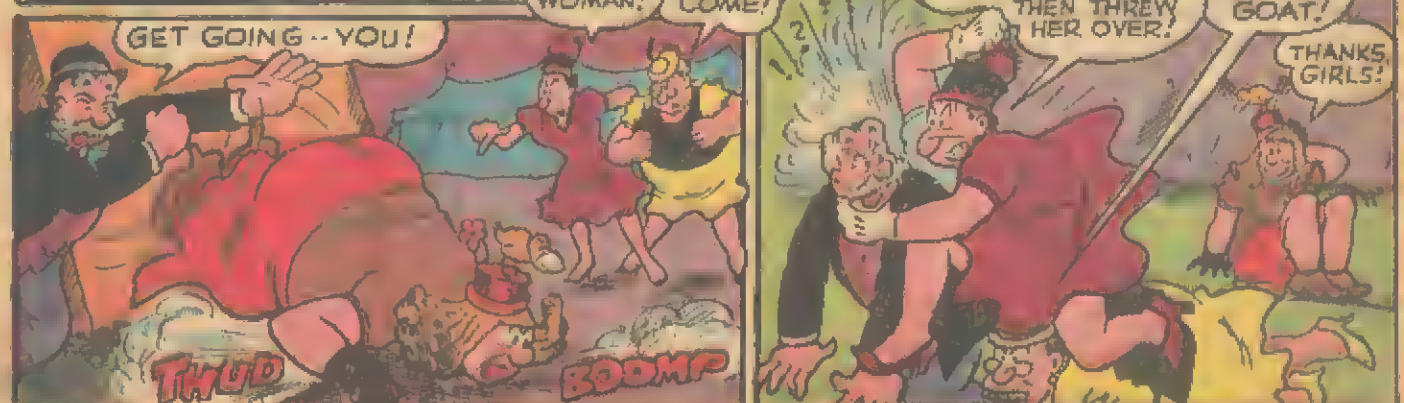
TELEGRAM!
OKAY, BOY! HAND IT OVER!



WHAT'S THIS? MISS MINERVA'S ELOPED AND IS GONNA CHUCK HER WHOLE CAREER!
GOOD!
GODD! AFTER ALL THE ADVERTISING I'VE SPENT ON A LADY CLOWN? IT'LL RUIN ME!
BUT, WAIT! ... I GOT AN IDEA!
C'MERE BUTCH!

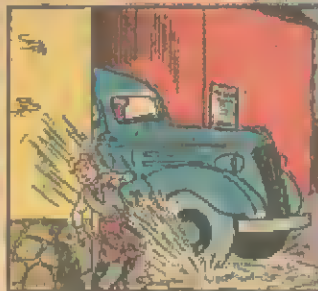
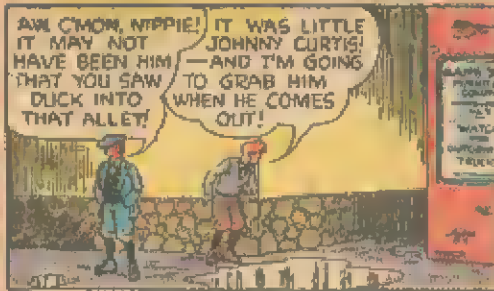
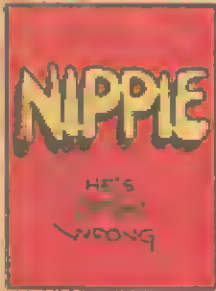


Later...
YOU MEAN I'M TO BE THE LADY CLOWN?
SURE! WITH THAT WIG AND DRESS, YOU'D PASS FOR A SILLY OLD DAME, ANYWHERE!
NOPE... I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT, THAT'S ALL!
AND THAT'S FINAL!
OH, NO IT AIN'T!



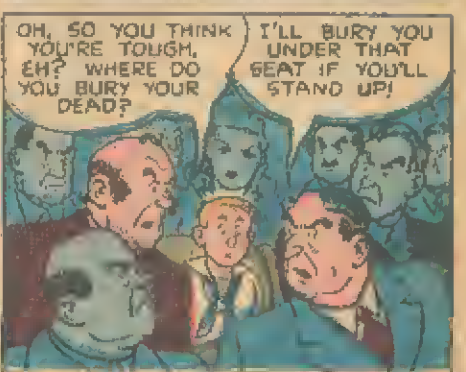
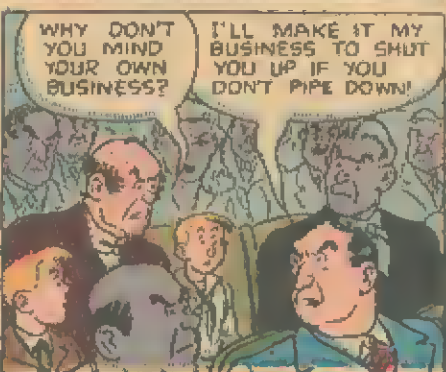
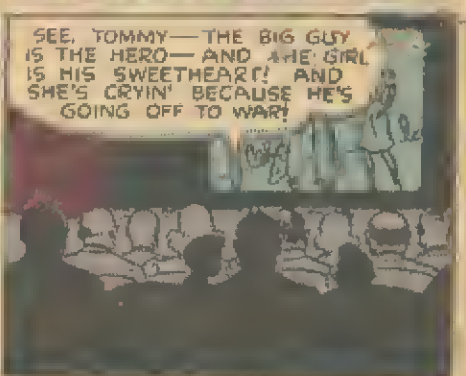
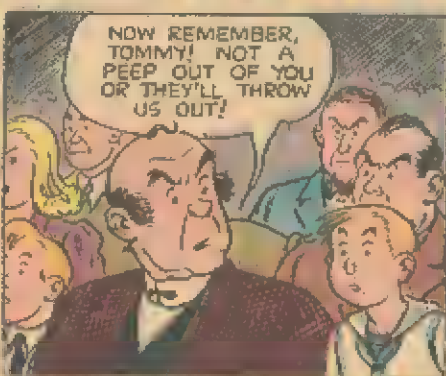
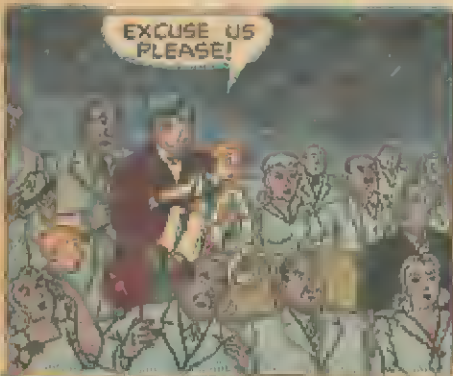
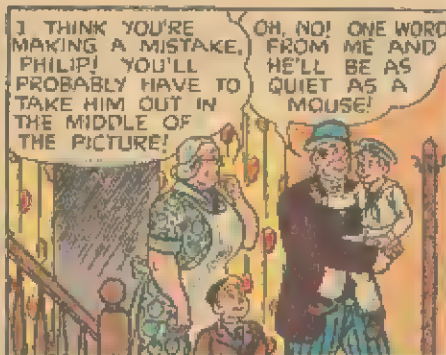
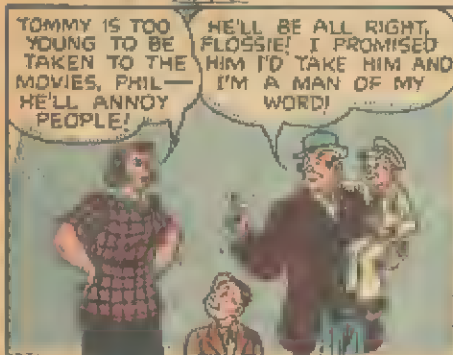
GET GOING--YOU!
THUD
BOOMP
LOOK AT THAT BEAST-SLAPPING DOWN A WOMAN!
LET'S HOLD HIM 'TIL THE POLICE COME!
YOU OLD WOLF!... PROBABLY WOODED THAT WOMAN AND THEN THREW HER OVER!
WE'LL FIX YOU, YOU OLD GOAT!
THANKS, GIRLS!

FEATURE COMICS

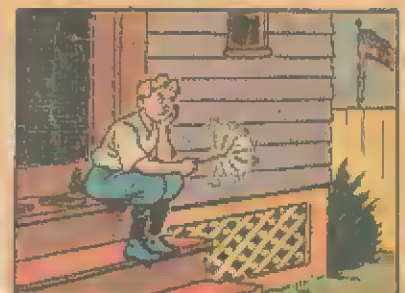
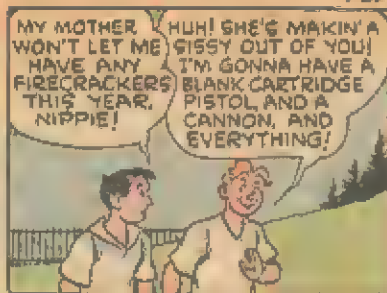
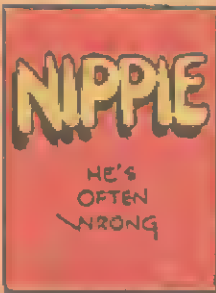


MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

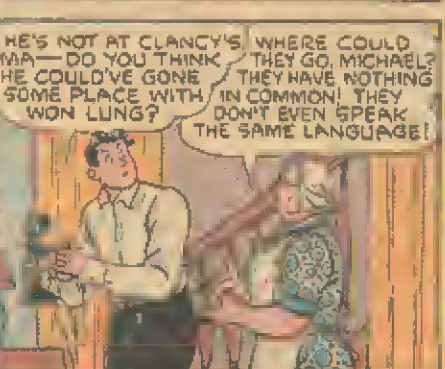
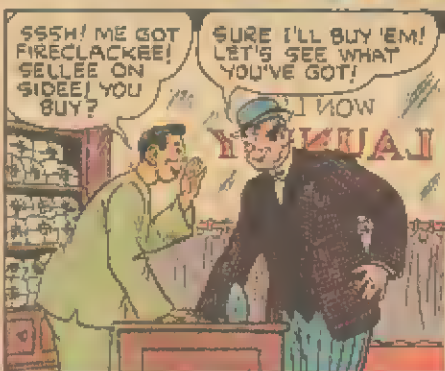
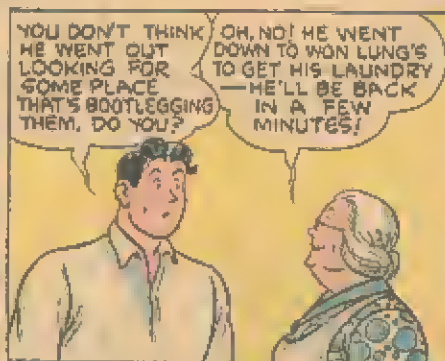
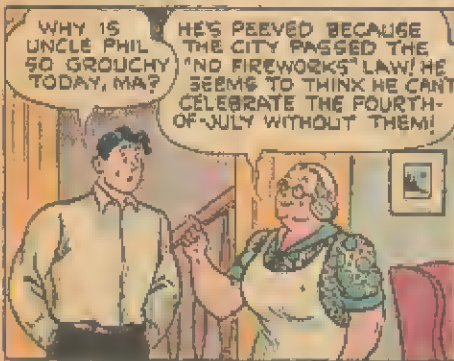


FEATURE COMICS

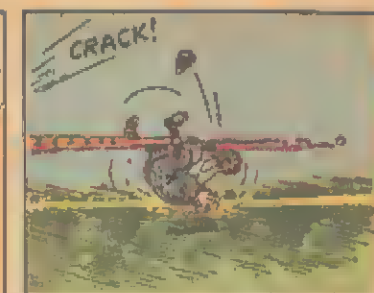
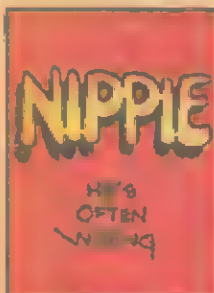


MICKEY FINN

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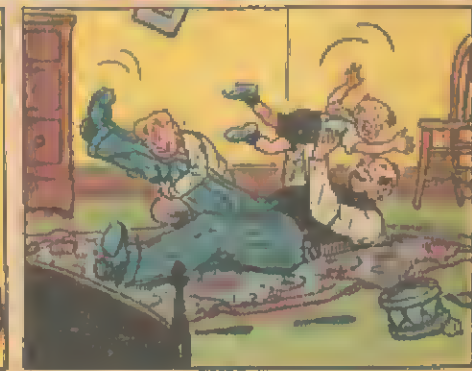
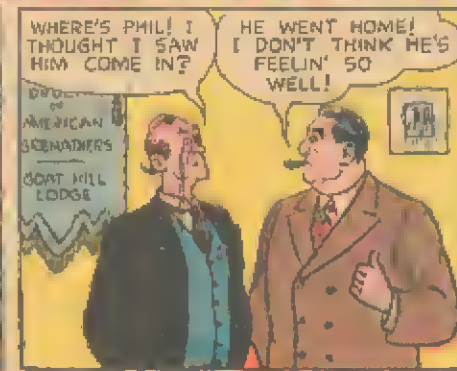
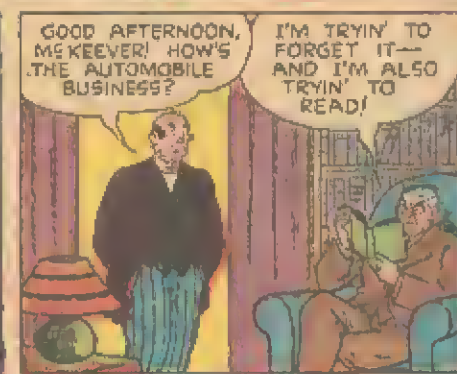
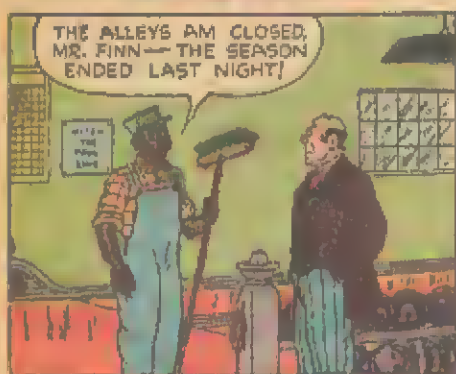
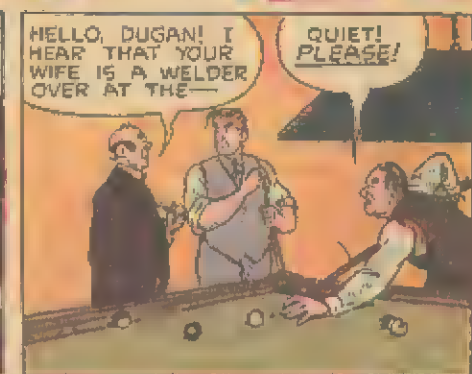
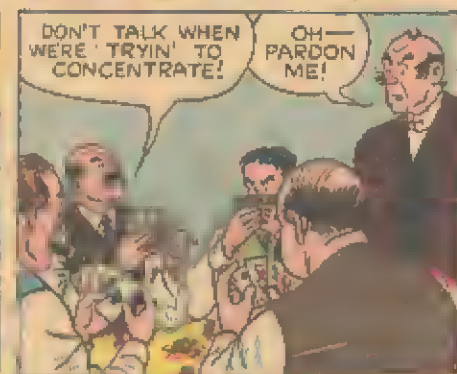
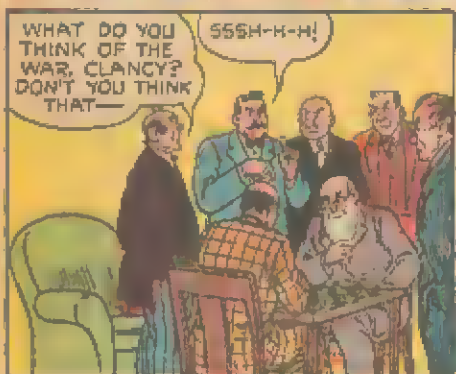
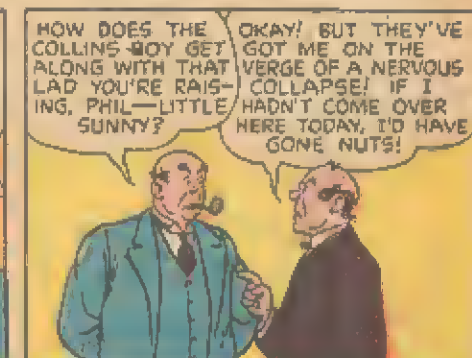
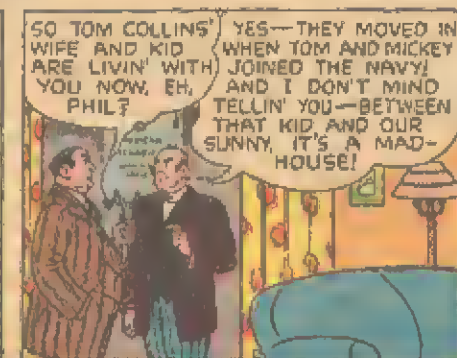
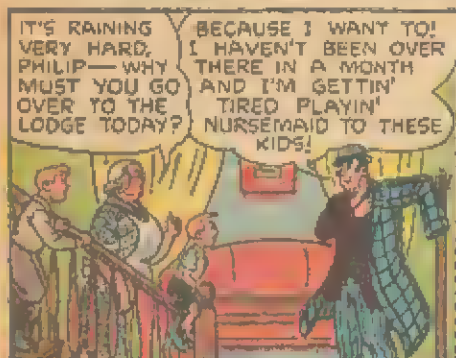


FEATURE COMICS

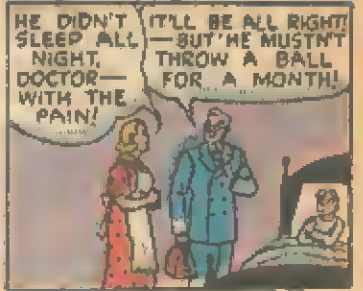
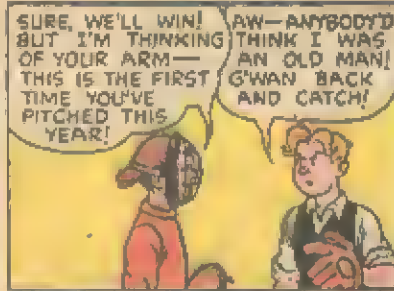
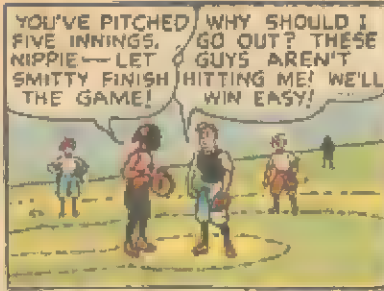
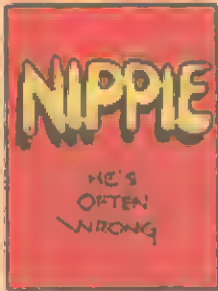


MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

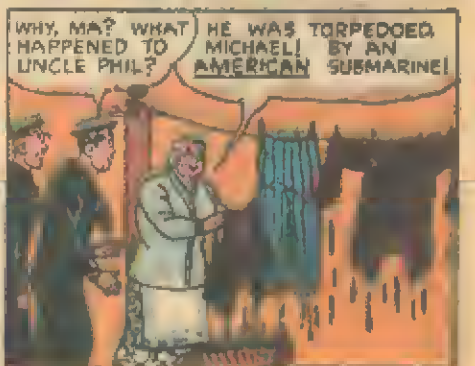
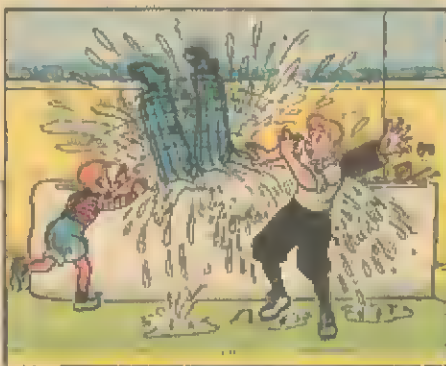
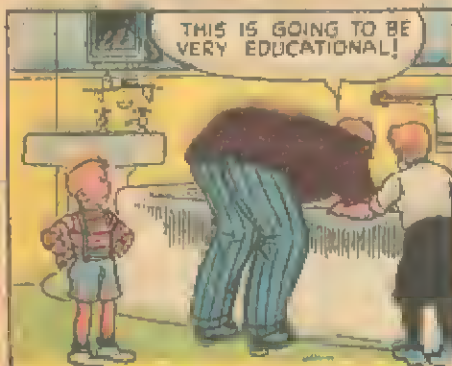
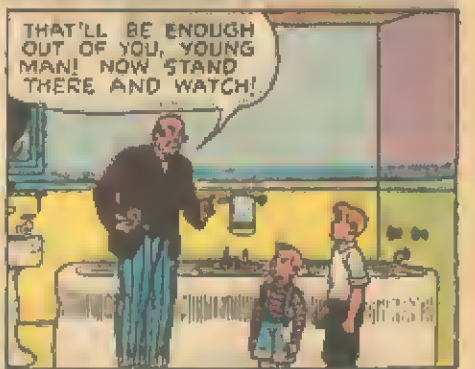
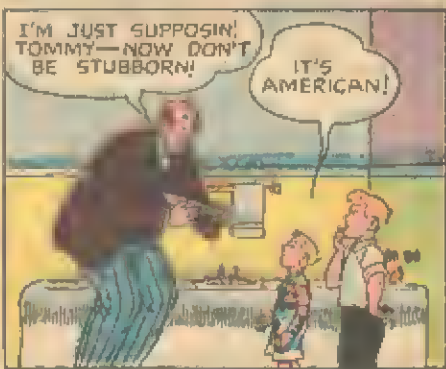
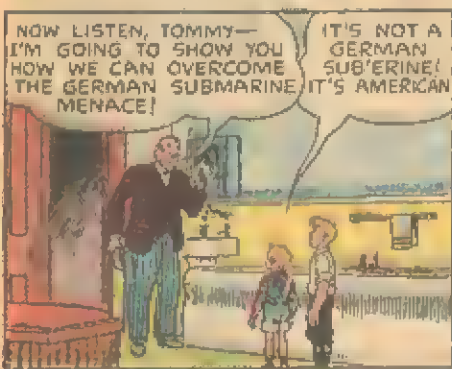
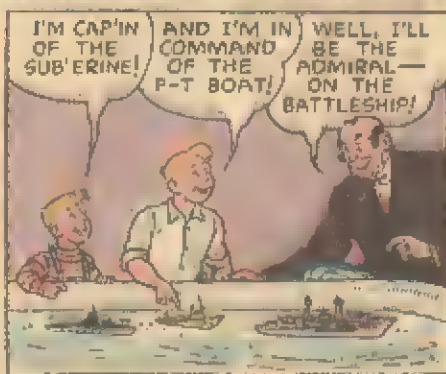
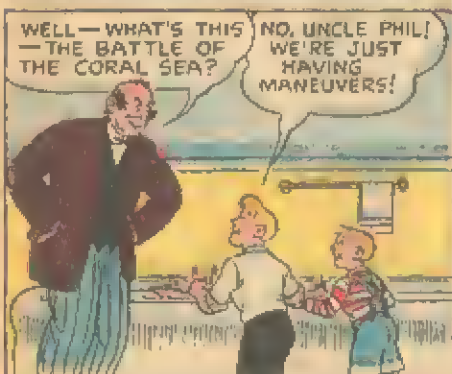
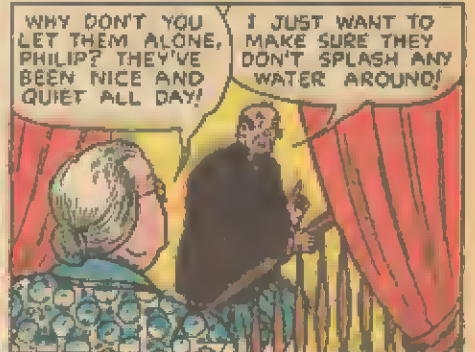
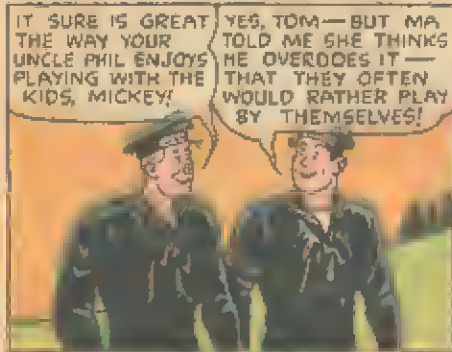


FEATURE COMICS



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

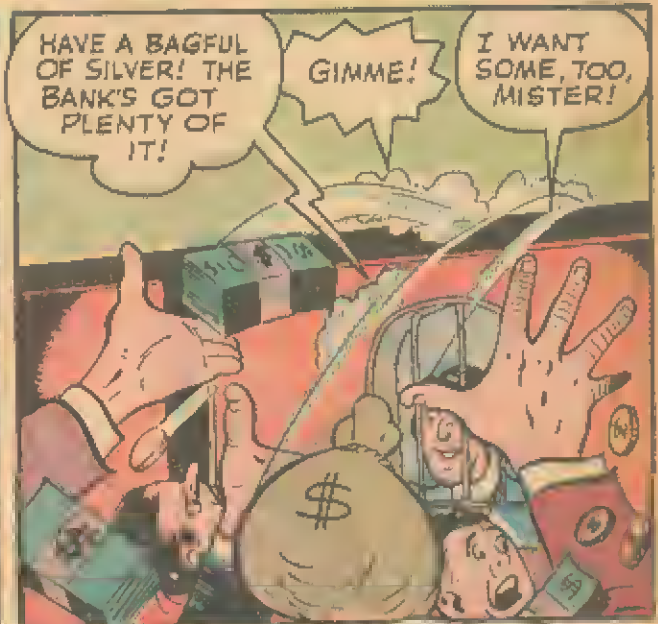




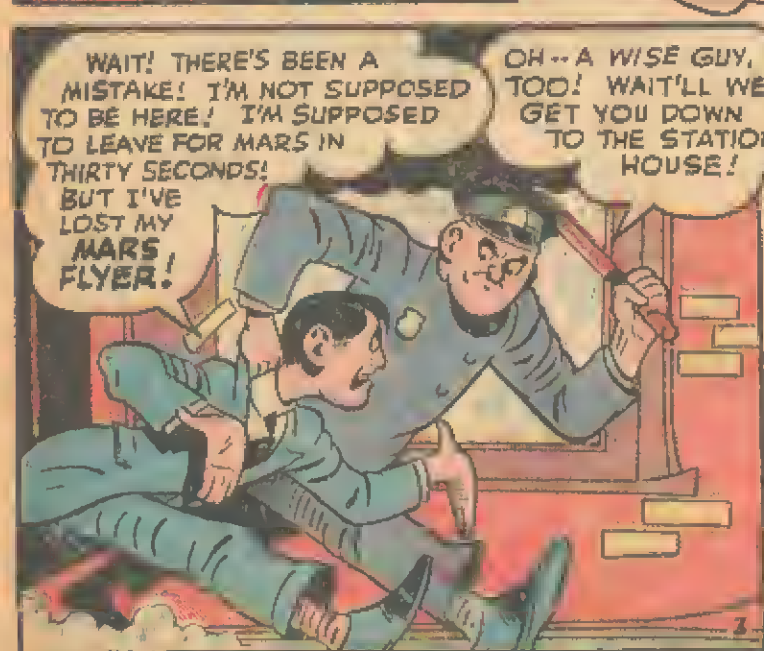
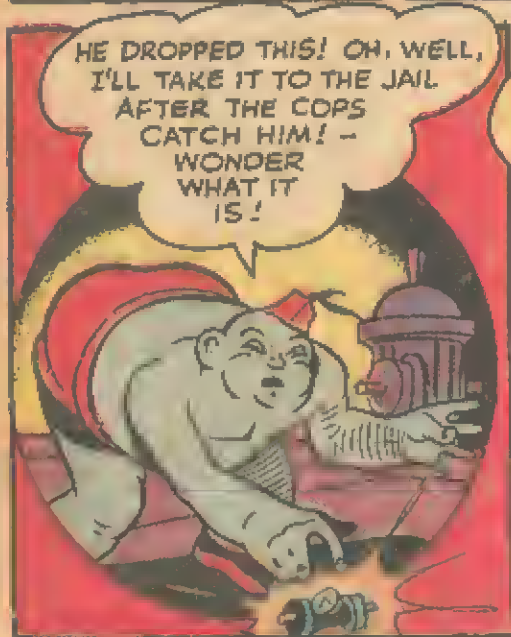
SO FAR --OUR STORY IS ORDINARY ENOUGH!
A BANK TELLER DOES BUSINESS AT HIS WINDOW!
WHAT COULD BE MORE COMMONPLACE?...



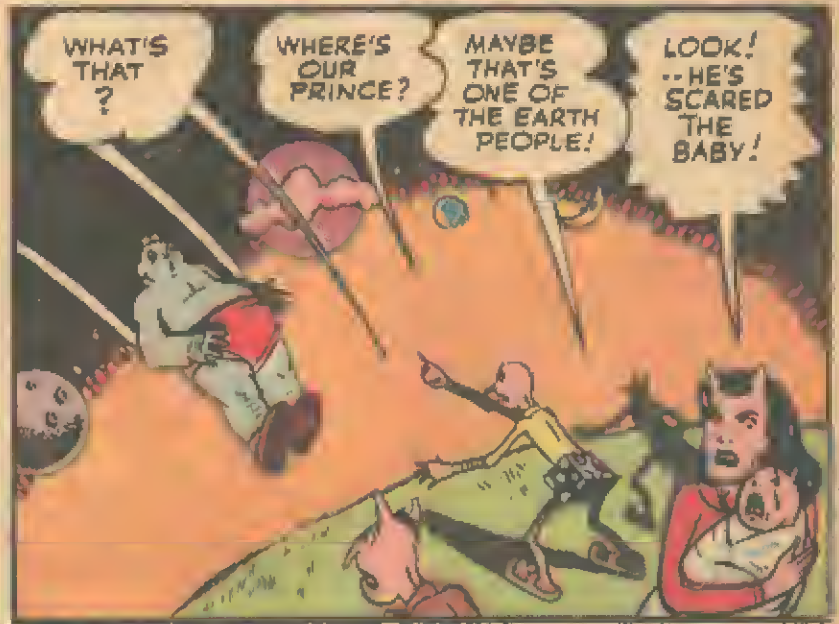
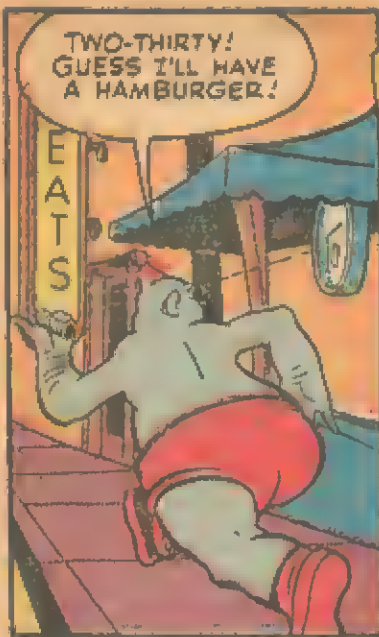
AND THEN...



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

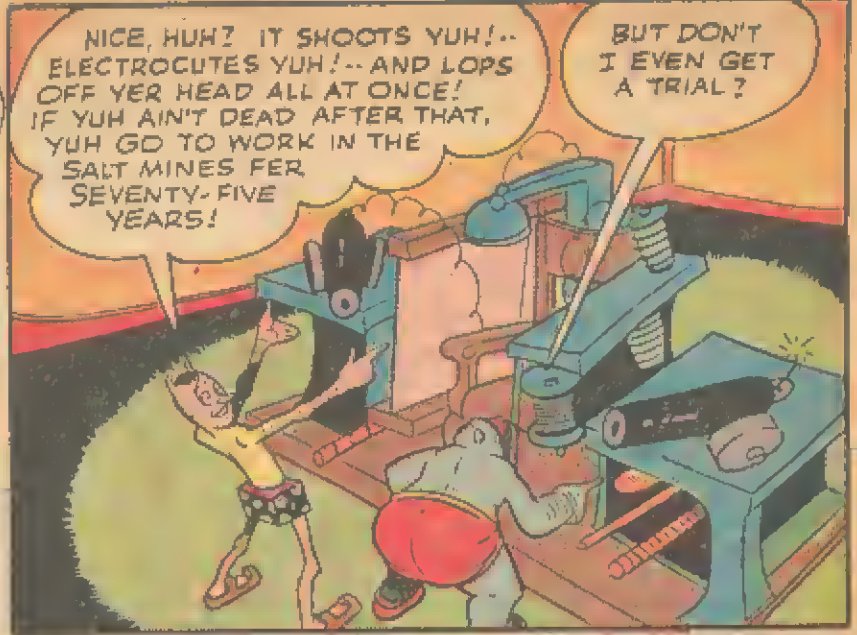


FEATURE COMICS



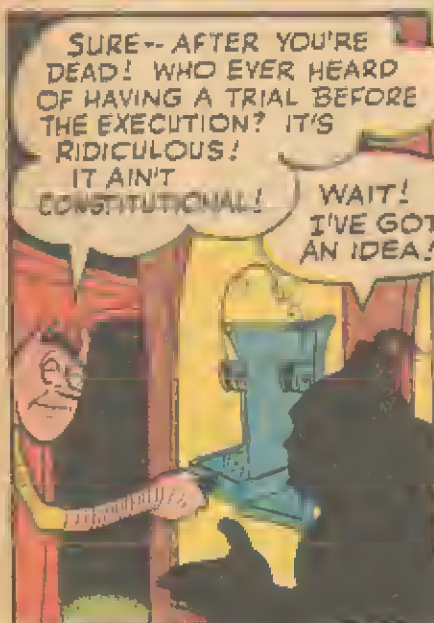
MOIDER HIM!
BUMP HIM OFF!
RUB HIM
OUT!

YIPPEEE!
AT LAST,
WE'RE GONNA
HAVE SOME
FUN!



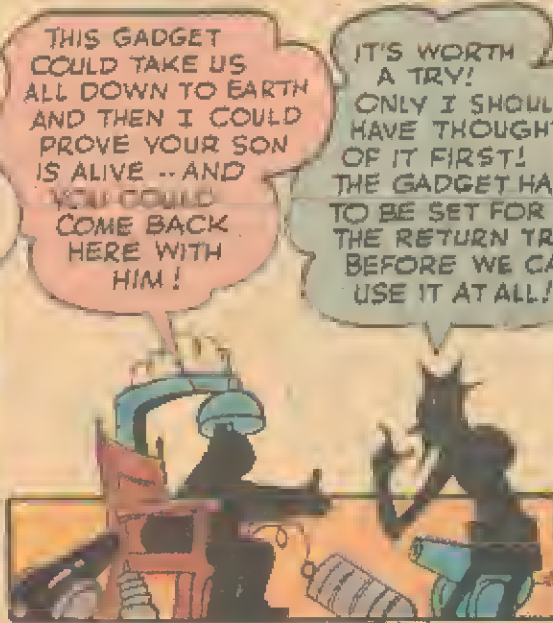
NICE, HUH? IT SHOOTS YUH!--
ELECTROCUTES YUH!-- AND LOPS
OFF YER HEAD ALL AT ONCE!
IF YUH AIN'T DEAD AFTER THAT,
YUH GO TO WORK IN THE
SALT MINES FER
SEVENTY-FIVE
YEARS!

BUT DON'T
I EVEN GET
A TRIAL?



SURE-- AFTER YOU'RE
DEAD! WHO EVER HEARD
OF HAVING A TRIAL BEFORE
THE EXECUTION? IT'S
RIDICULOUS!
IT AIN'T
CONSTITUTIONAL!

WAIT!
I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!



THIS GADGET
COULD TAKE US
ALL DOWN TO EARTH
AND THEN I COULD
PROVE YOUR SON
IS ALIVE -- AND
YOU COULD
COME BACK
HERE WITH
HIM!

IT'S WORTH
A TRY!
ONLY I SHOULD
HAVE THOUGHT
OF IT FIRST!
THE GADGET HAS
TO BE SET FOR
THE RETURN TRIP
BEFORE WE CAN
USE IT AT ALL!



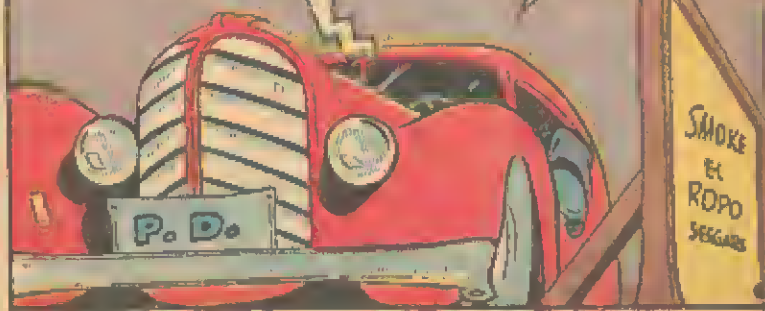
I'M SETTING IT
SO WE COME BACK
IN TWO HOURS!
READY... HERE
WE GO!



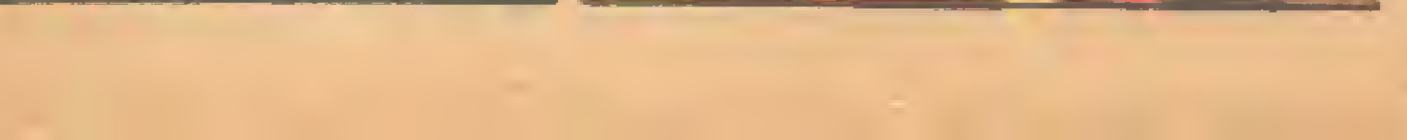
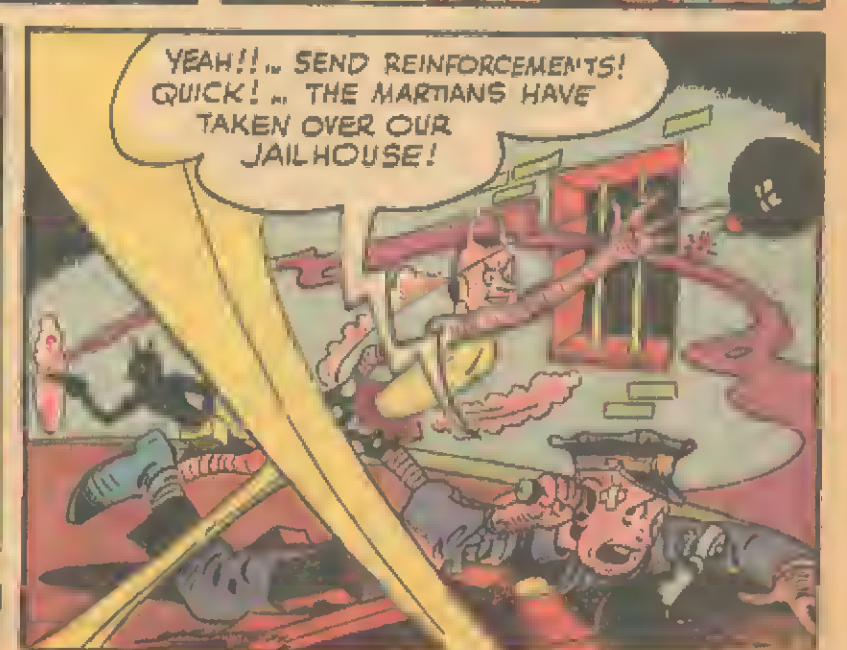
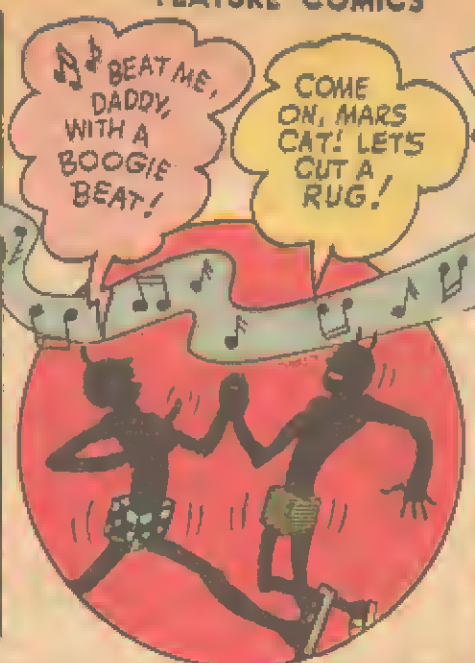
AT THAT
MOMENT,
ON EARTH...

FLASH!...
EXACTLY
TWO MINUTES
AGO, SEVERAL
MARTIANS WERE SEEN
HEADING TOWARD
THE EARTH!!...
EVERYBODY BE
ON GUARD!

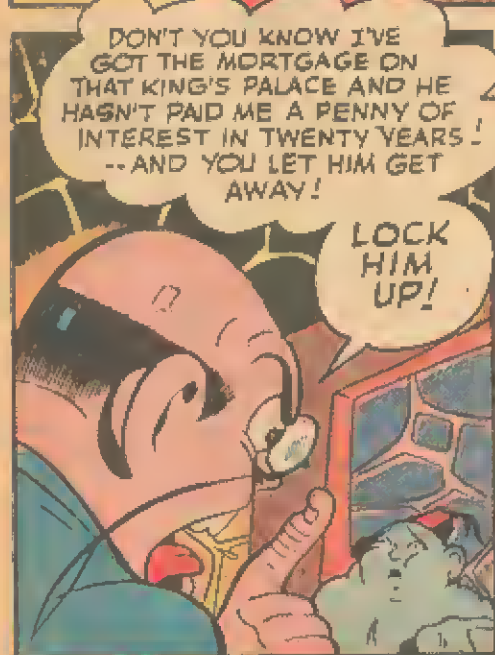
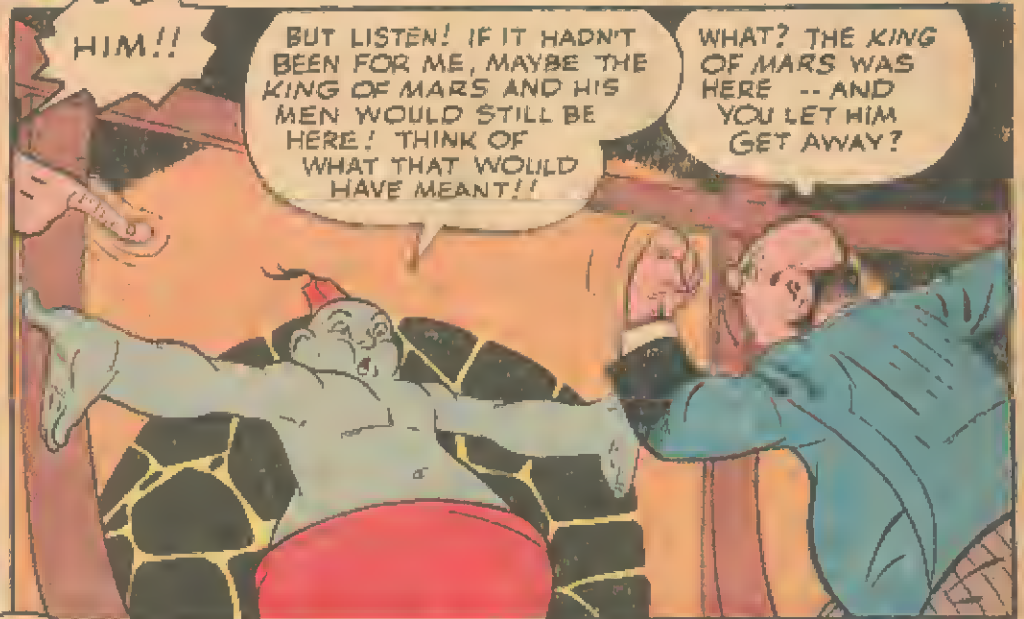
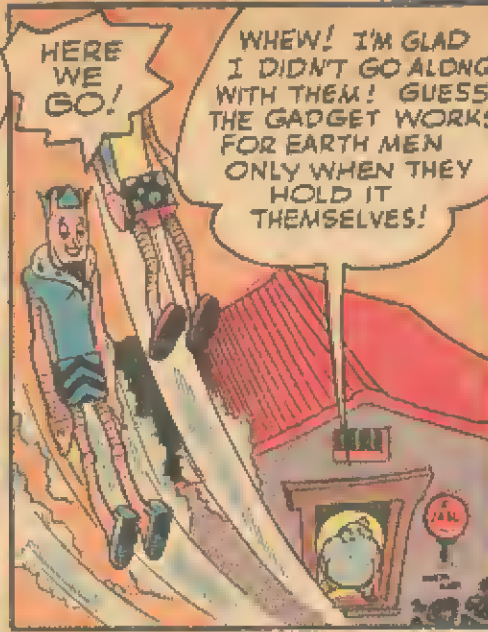
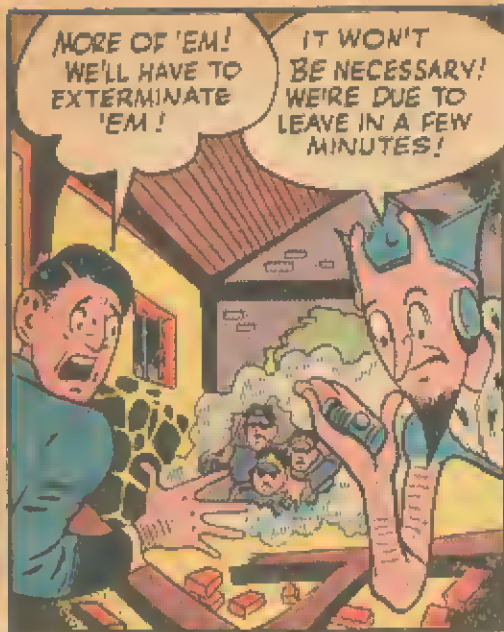
DON'T THOSE
RADIO
PRODUCERS
EVER GET TIRED
OF THOSE CORNY
STORIES ABOUT
INVASIONS FROM
MARS? TURN
ON SOME
JIVE!

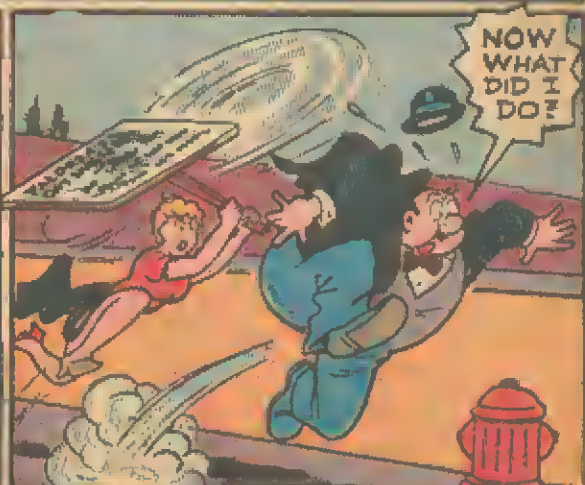
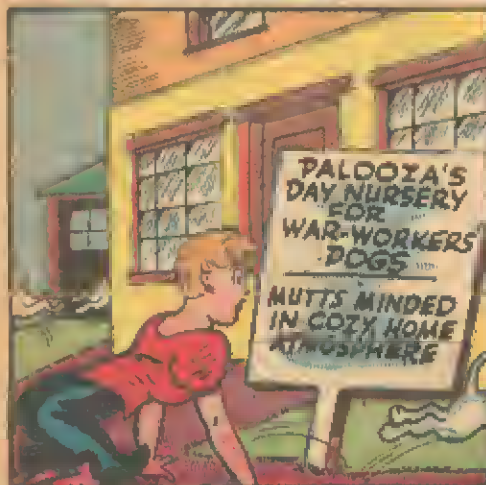
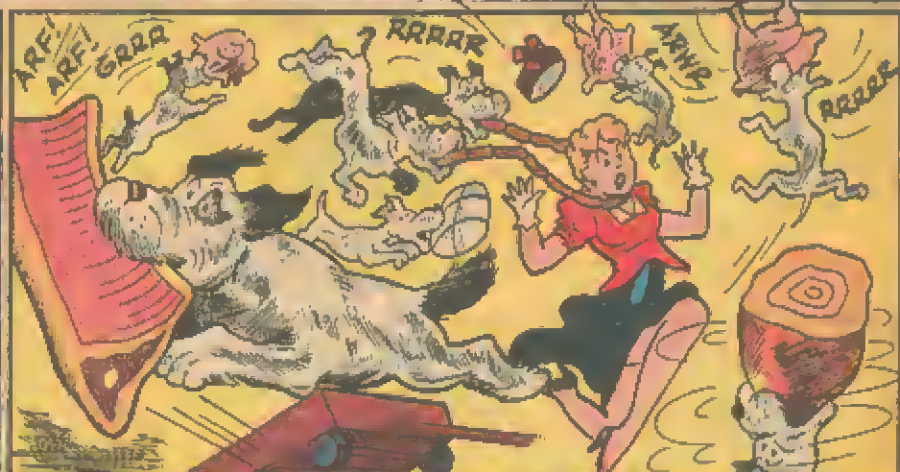
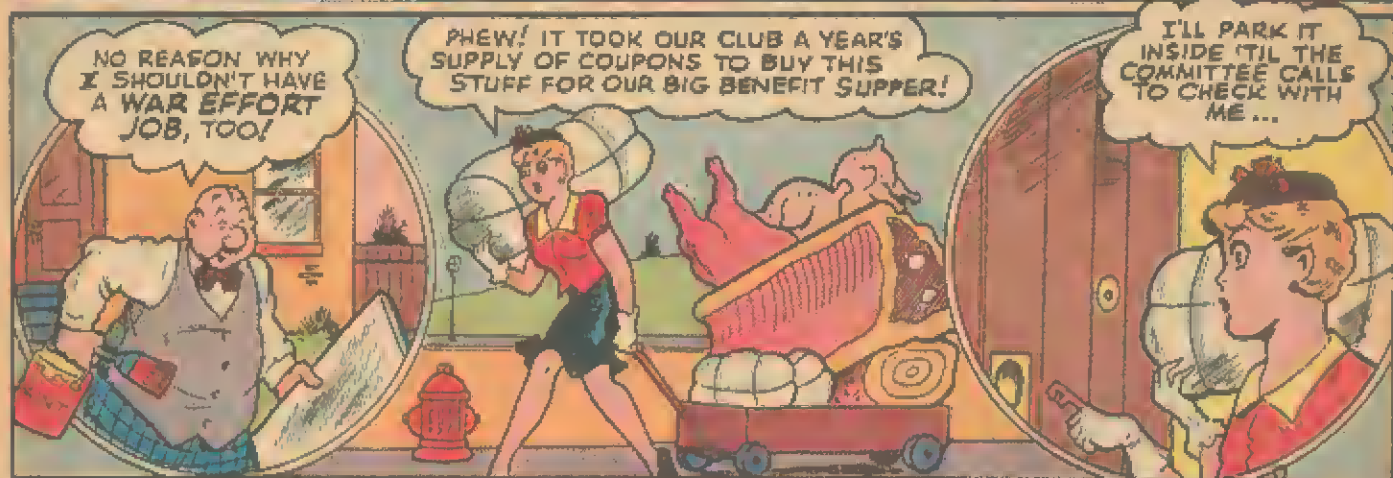
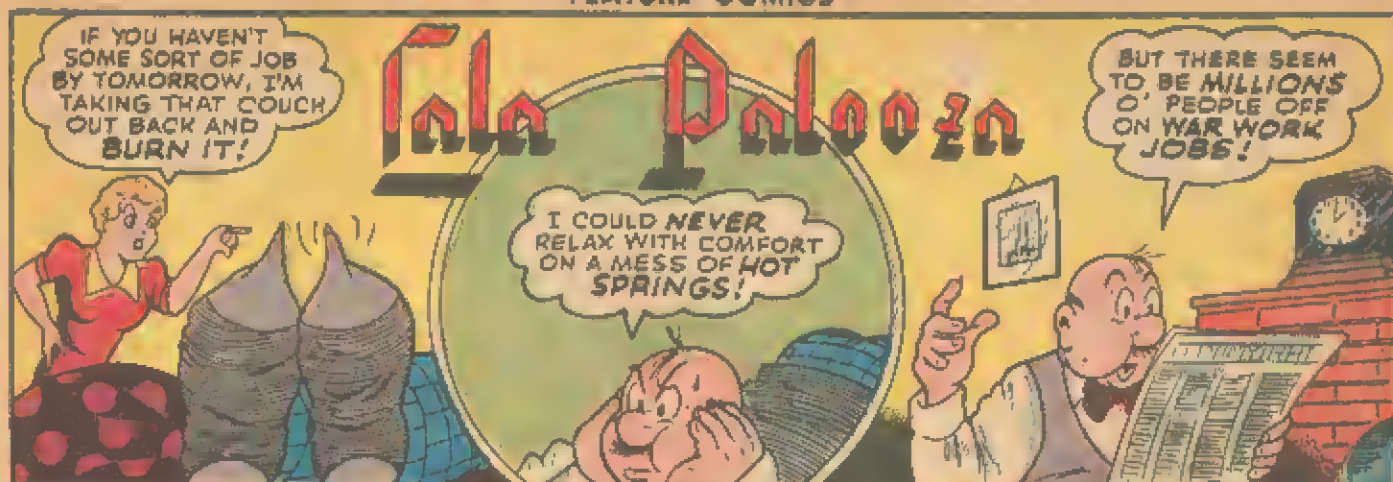


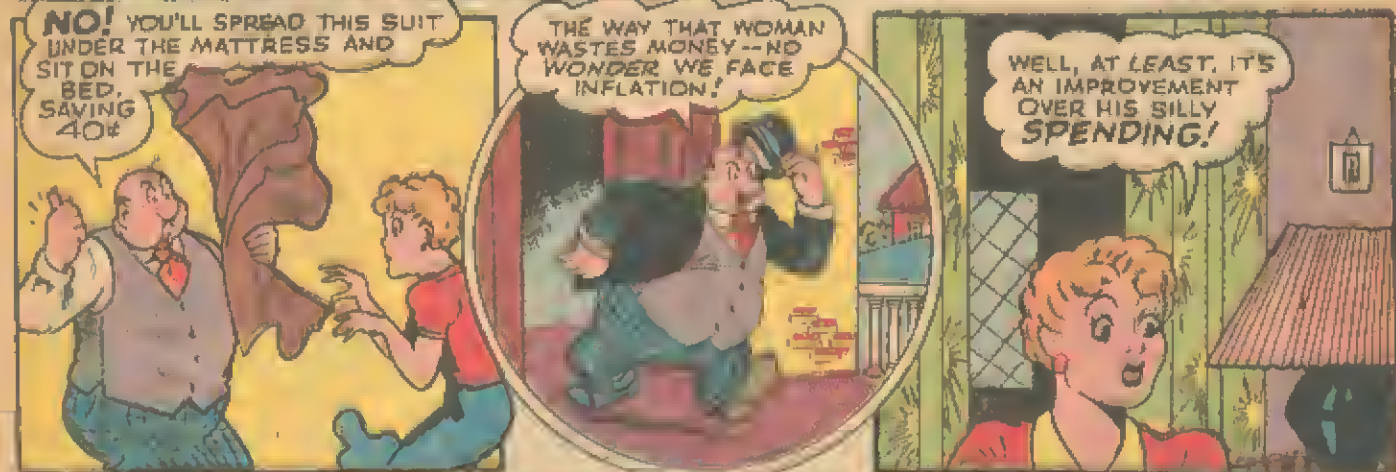
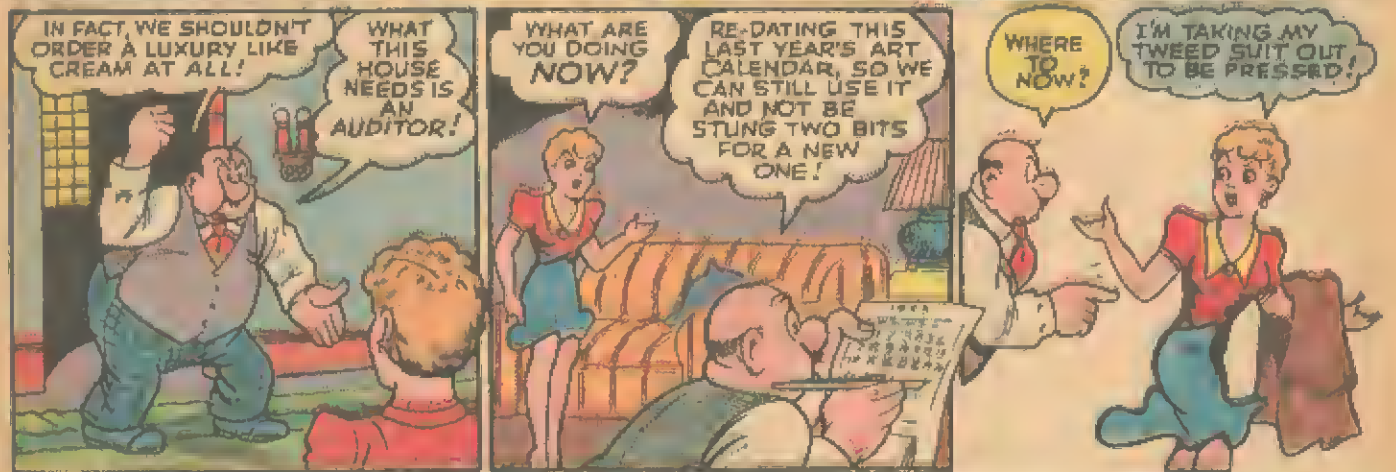
FEATURE COMICS

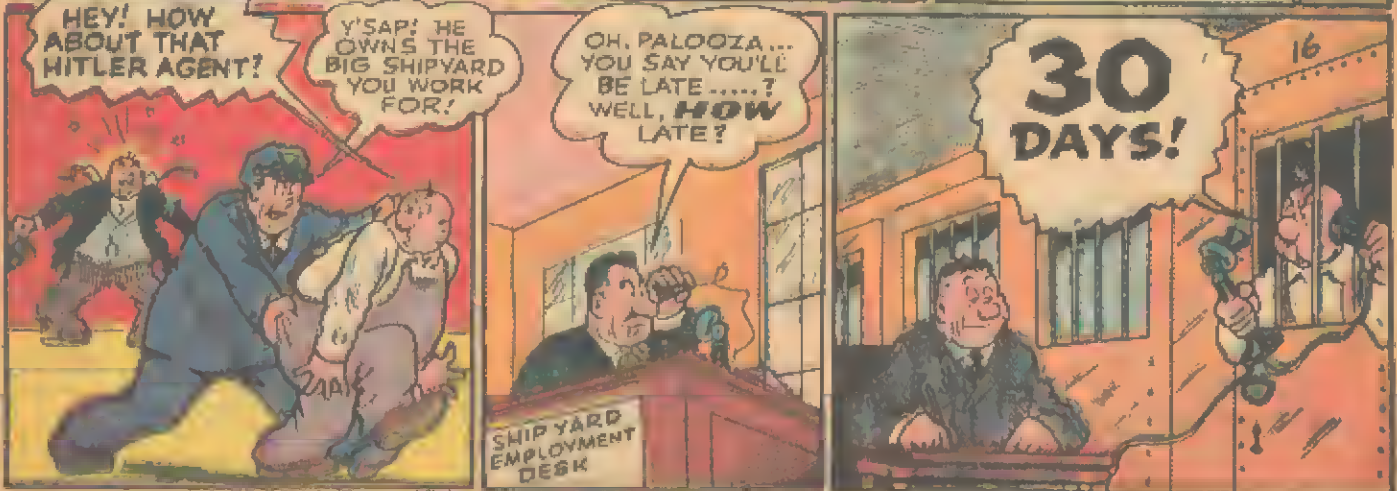
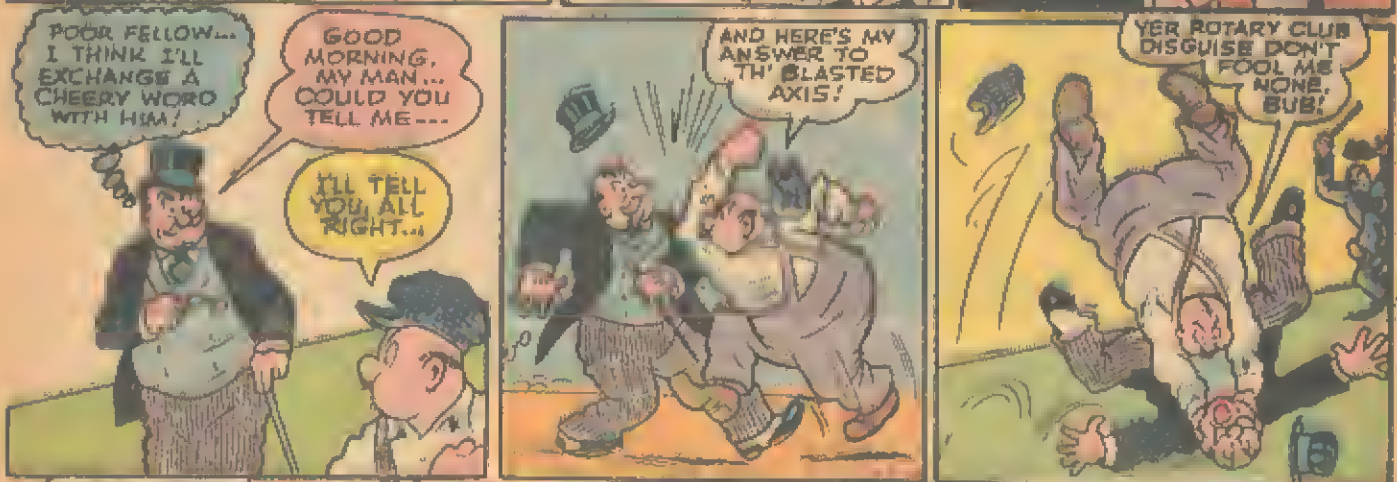
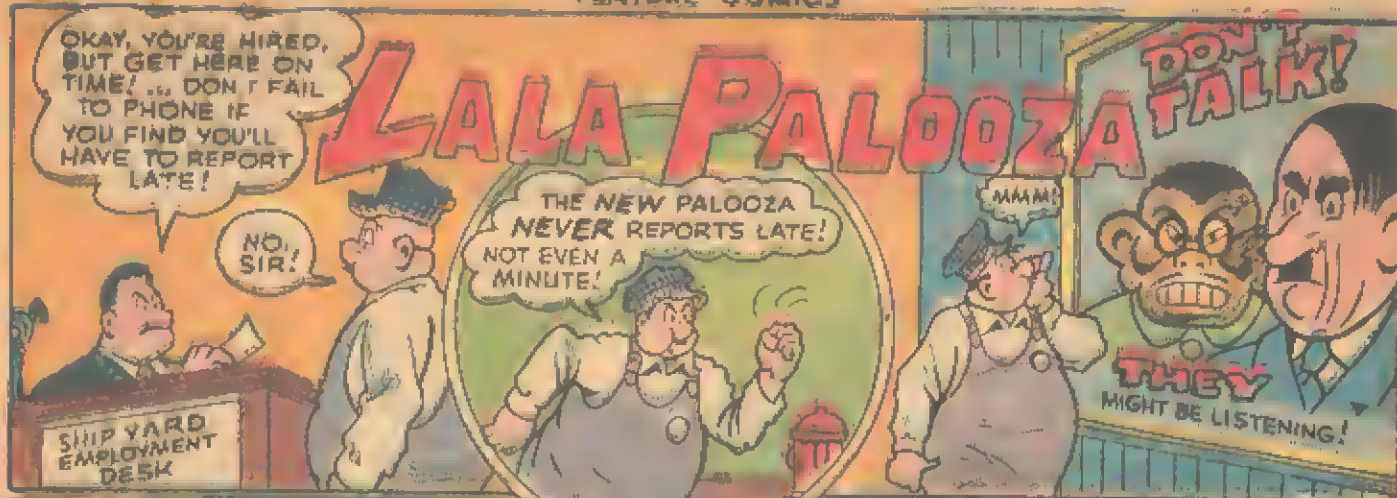


FEATURE COMICS









FEATURE COMICS

SWING Sisson

by VERNON HENKEL



PETE JAXON, OWNER OF THE CLOVER CLUB, HAS GREAT CONFIDENCE IN SWING...

WILL YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS A WHILE, SWING? I'VE GOT TO SEE MY RATIONING BOARD ABOUT NEXT MONTH'S QUOTAS!

GLAD TO, MR. JAXON!

IF EVERYONE WAS AS HONEST AND PATRIOTIC AS MR. JAXON, THE RATION BOARD WOULD HAVE AN EASY JOB!

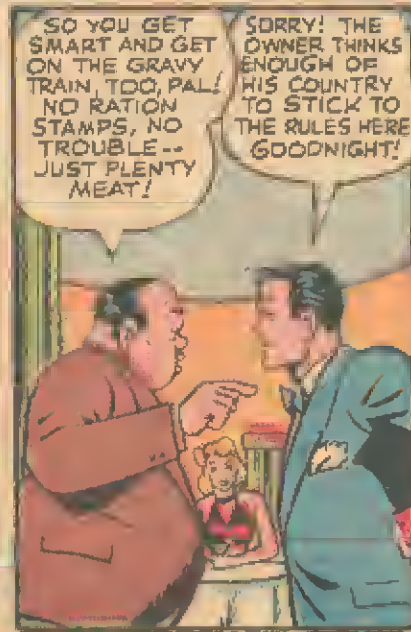
YOU'RE RIGHT, BONNIE! --THEY DON'T COME ANY STRAIGHTER THAN PETE JAXON!

A NEW CUSTOMER ARRIVES...

A TABLE AT THE FRONT, WAITER! AND I MEAN **FRONT!**... BILL BRUNT ALWAYS BUYS THE BEST!

YES, SIR! I HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE VACANCY, SIR!

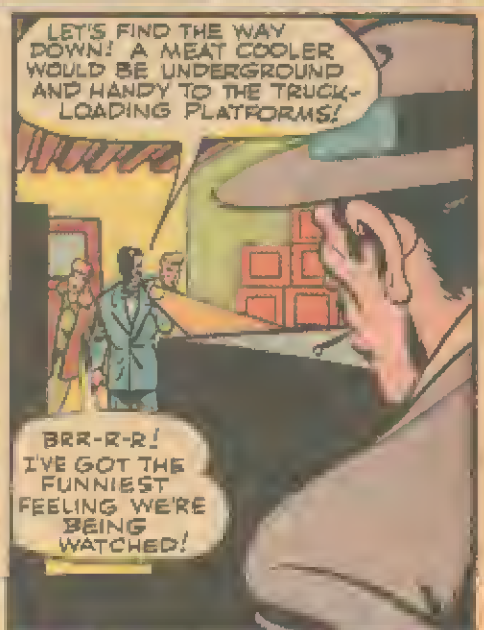
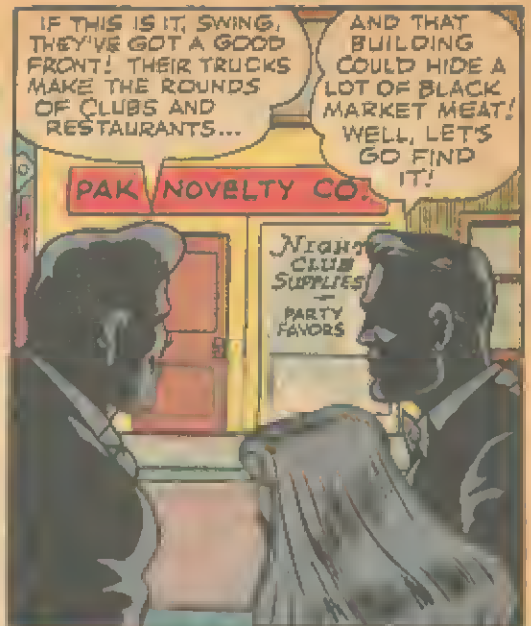
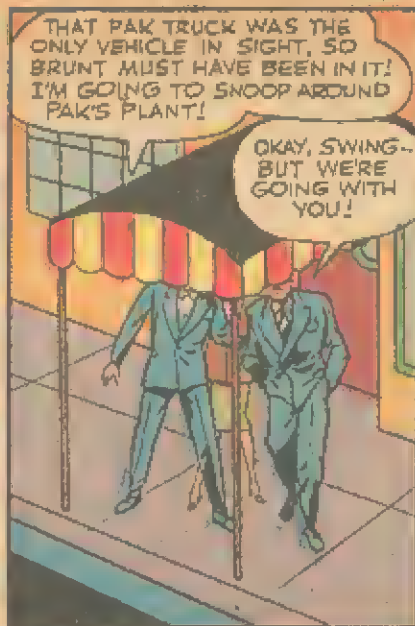
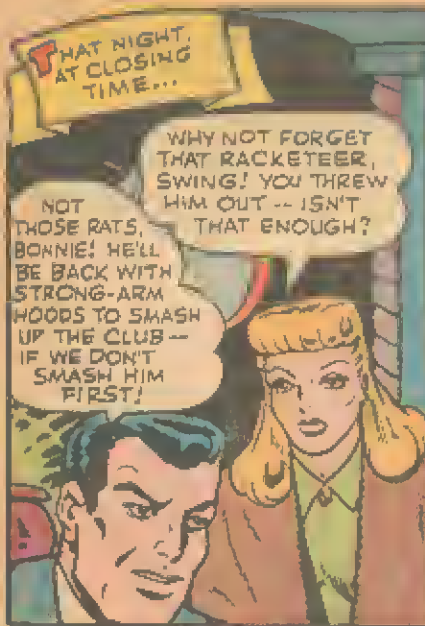
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

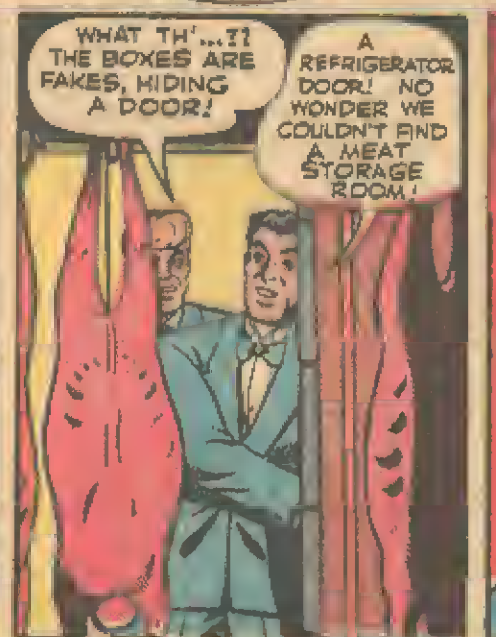
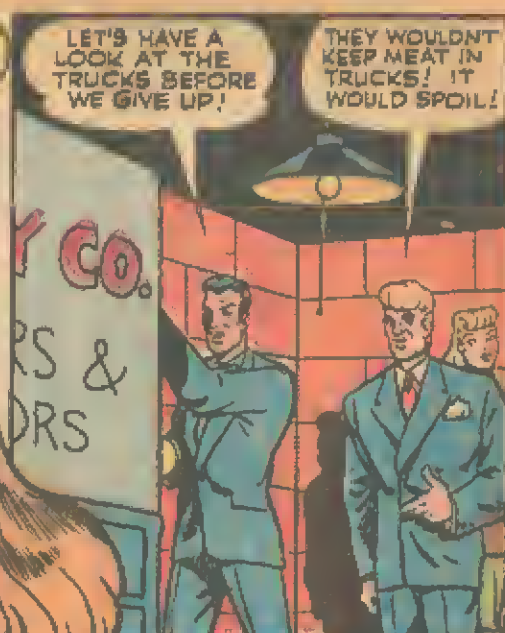
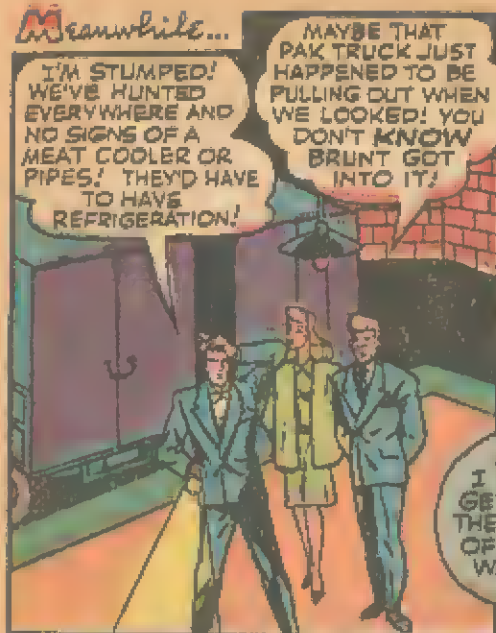


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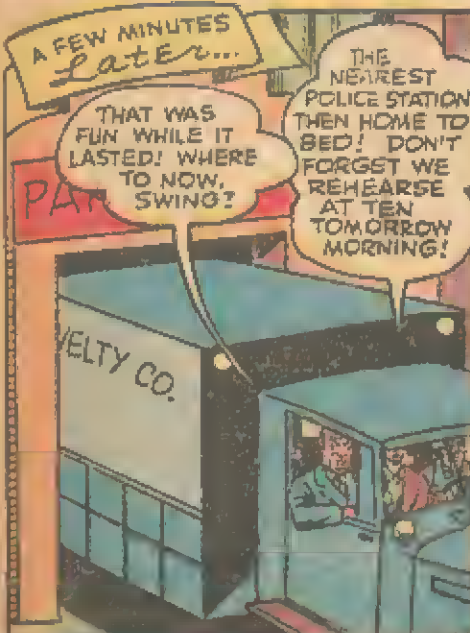


FEATURE COMICS

Meanwhile...



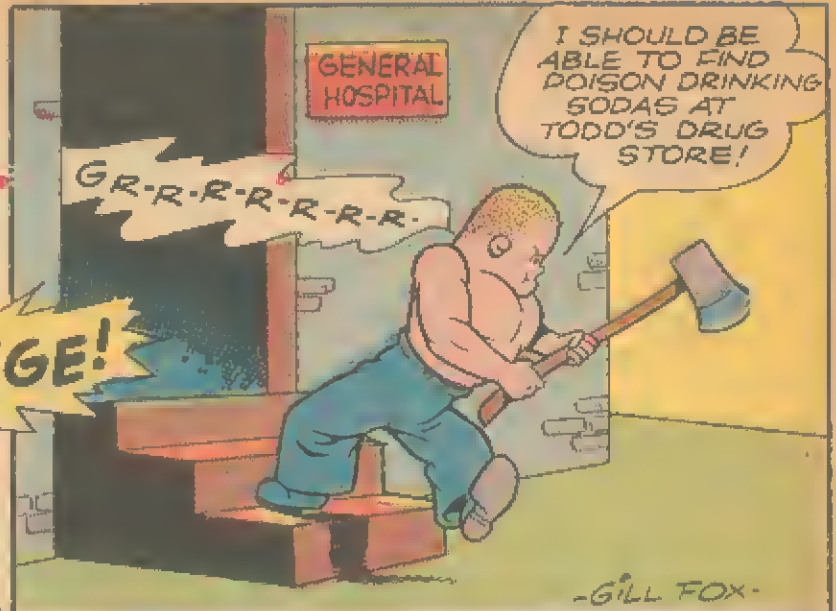
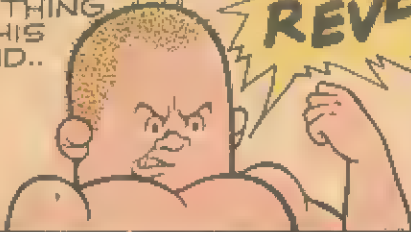
FEATURE COMICS



POISON IVY

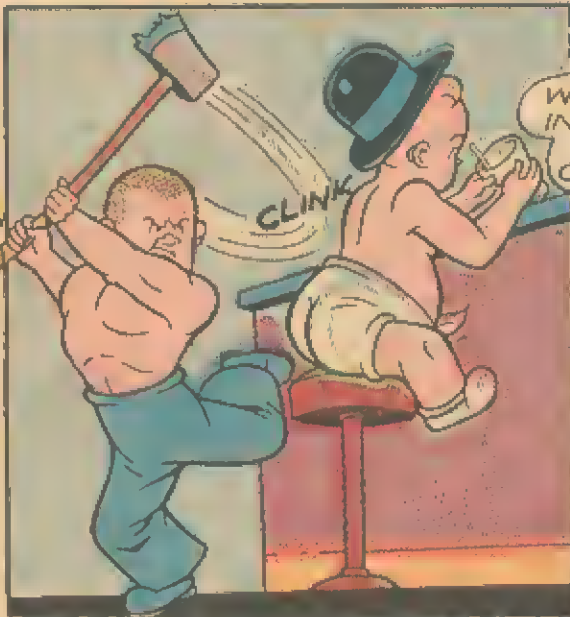
POISON OAK, THAT LITTLE TOUGH GUY WHO POISON IVY PUT IN THE HOSPITAL SOME TIME AGO, IS JUST GETTING OUT WITH ONE THING ON HIS MIND..

REVENGE!



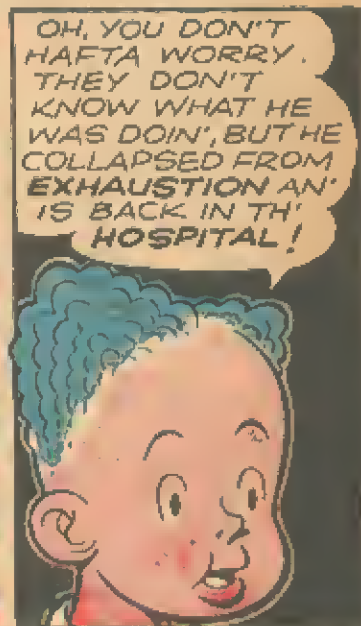
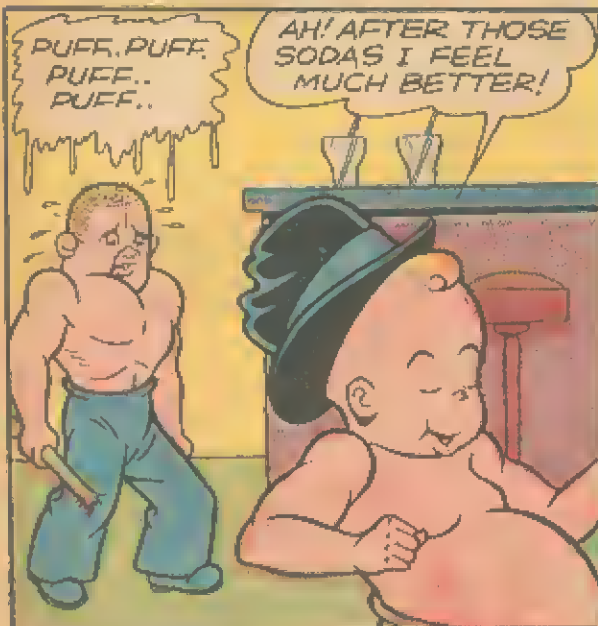
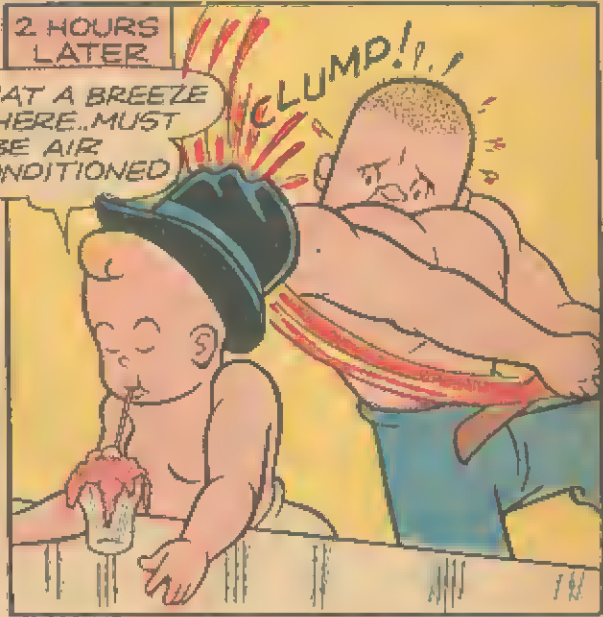
-GILL FOX-

SURE ENOUGH, POISON OAK FINDS POISON AT THE DRUG STORE, CALMLY INDULGING IN HIS 24TH ICE CREAM SODA..WITHOUT WARNING, HE SWINGS INTO ACTION..



2 HOURS LATER

WHAT A BREEZE IN HERE..MUST BE AIR CONDITIONED



SPIN SHAW

CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW, U.S.N., mislays a perfectly good aircraft carrier and finds a tribe of New Guinea Head-Hunters with some very curious native customs -- very curious, indeed!

SPIN AND HIS FELLOW PILOTS RELAX IN THE READY ROOM OF THE U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER ----- (CENSORED) IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC! ...

WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED BY A JAP PLANE. HE'LL REPORT US UNLESS HE'S TAKEN CARE OF!

I'LL GO! I'M DUMMY, THIS HAND, ANYHOW!

OKAY, SPIN! ... SIX NO TRUMP, MAC!

WARMED AND READY, CAPTAIN SHAW!

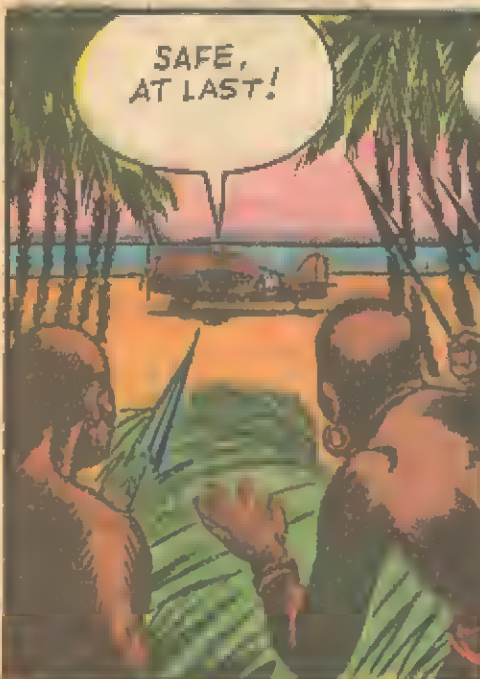
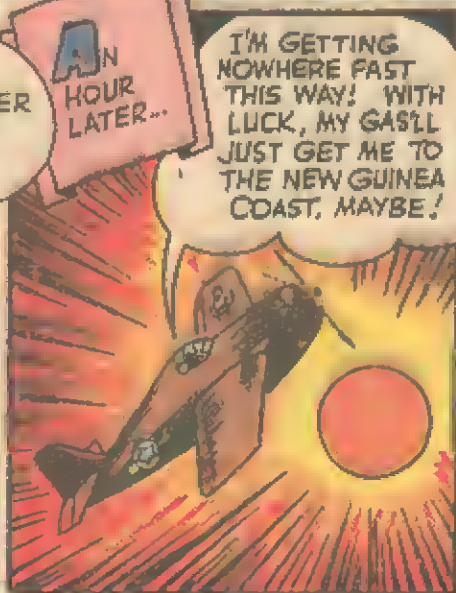
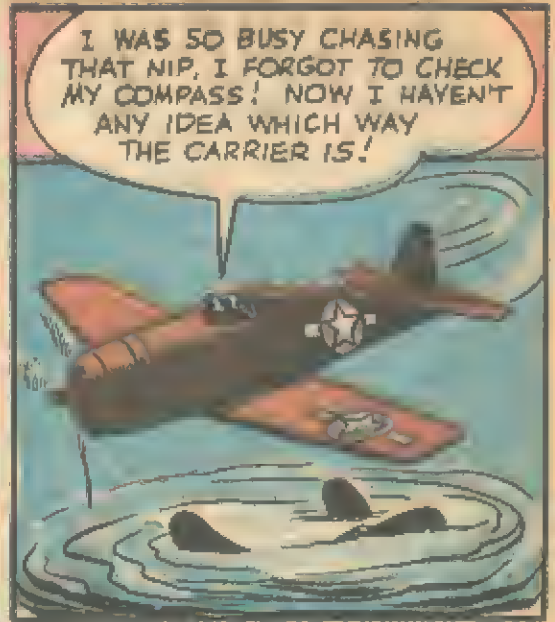
THANKS, SAM! GET ME BRIDGE CLEARANCE!

THERE HE GOES, THE TATTLE TALE! WANTS TO MAKE A RACE OF IT!

THAT'S A GAME TWO CAN PLAY! ... C'MON HORSES! TRAMPLE ON THOSE CLOUDS!

I'M LIKE OLD AGE, PAL! I'LL GET YOU IF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH!

SEE?... WHAT DID I TELL YOU?!!



FEATURE COMICS

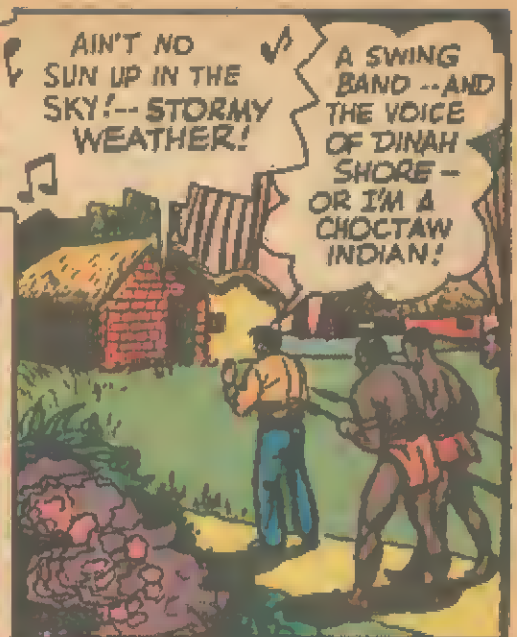


NOW LOOK, BOYS! CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER!

UGH! YOU GO QUIET!-- SEE ROYAL FAMILY!! GO! SCRAM.



SULP! ... DID HE SAY... SCRAM?



AIN'T NO SUN UP IN THE SKY!-- STORMY WEATHER!

A SWING BAND --AND THE VOICE OF DINAH SHORE -- OR I'M A CHOCTAW INDIAN!



GAH! SO THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO GO CRAZY.

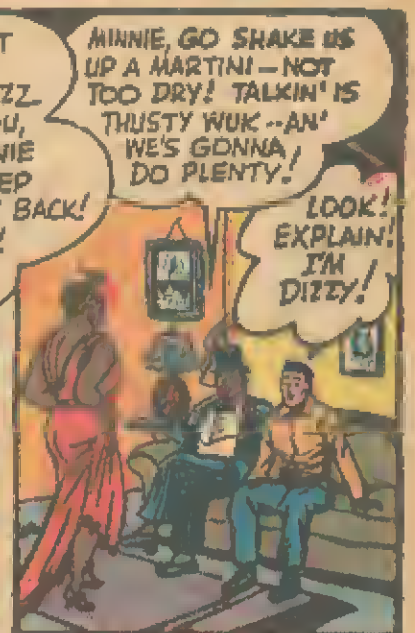
WELL, SHAVE MAH HEAD AND CALL ME 'BALDY!

HI, DERE, HIGH, WHITE AN' HANDSOME!



Y-YOU MEAN I'M NOT NUTS? THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING?

DON'T LET ALL DIS RAZZIMATAZZ FLOOR YOU, PALLY! MINNIE AN' ME, WE IS HEP CATS FOM WAY BACK! VO-DEEDO-DO! HEY-HEY!



MINNIE, GO SHAKE US UP A MARTINI -- NOT TOO DRY! TALKIN' IS THUSTY WUK -- AN' WE'S GONNA DO PLENTY.

LOOK! EXPLAIN! I'M DIZZY!



NOW, AH'S KING MASMA AND MINAUA IS MAH QUEEN! CALL US MASSY AN' MINNIE FO' SHO'T!

OKAY! I'M SPIN SHAW -- CAPTAIN, U.S.N. AIR FORCE! BUT WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THE YANK SLANG AND FANCY FURNISHINGS?



WE WAS GUESTS AT DE WORLD'S FAIR! DEY WANTED GENYWINE HEAD HUNTERS SO WE WENT -- AND HOW!!

BROTHER! DID WE PAINT HARLEM RED WHEN WE WAS DERE!



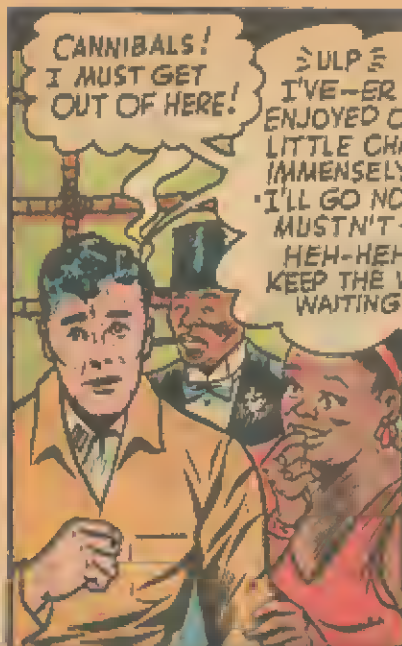
WELL, SLAP ME DOWN! SO THAT'S THE ANSWER! WOW!

YEH! AN' WE SHO' LEARNED TO LIKE HAMBURGER SANDWICHES AT HOT DOGS!



-- TOOK US MONTHS TO GET BACK OUR YEH! NO INVENTED JEROSURY!

FEATURE COMICS



SULP!
I'VE--ER--
ENJOYED OUR
LITTLE CHAT,
IMMENSELY!
I'LL GO NOW--
MUSTN'T--
HEH-HEH--
KEEP THE WAR
WAITING!



YASSUH!
US IS
HUNGRY
FO' NEWS OB
DE WORLD!



YO' DON'
KNOW HOW
TI'ED WE GITS
O' JES' JAPS,
JAPS, JAPS...



HUH?

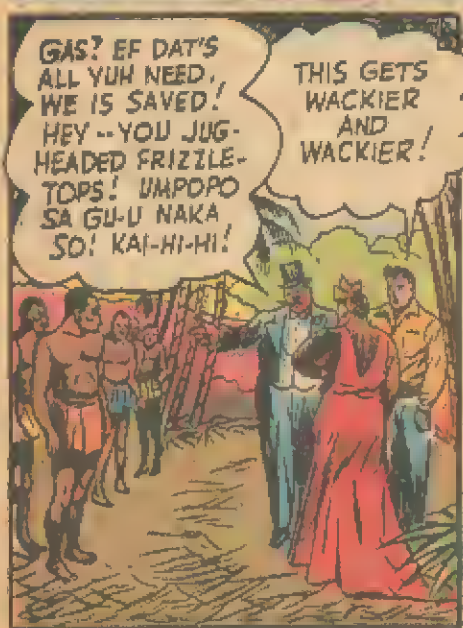


NA SA
OO-OO
OMO?
NI-PO?

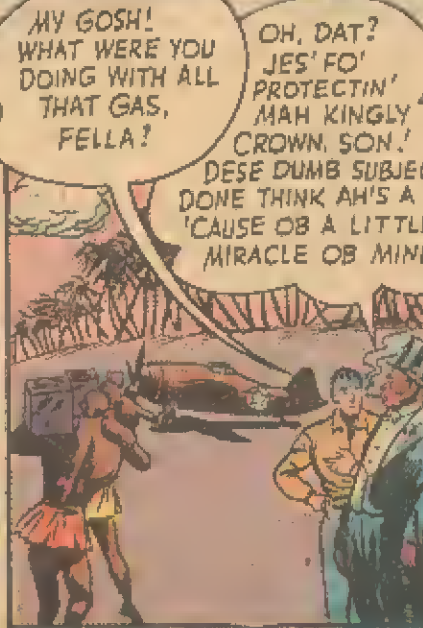
WHEW!
WHATEVER
IT IS,
FATE MUST
HAVE SENT
IT!



OH-OH! IF I
HAD ANY GAS
IN MY PLANE,
I MIGHT BE ABLE
TO HELP, BUT--



THIS GETS
WACKIER
AND
WACKIER!

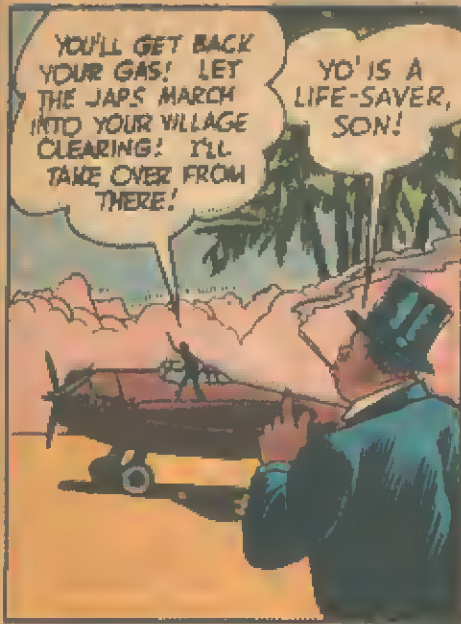


OH, DAT?
JES' FO'
PROTECTIN'
MAH KINGLY
CROWN, SON!

DESE DUMB SUBJECTS
DONE THINK AH'S A GOD,
'CAUSE OB A LITTLE
MIRACLE OB MINE...



FEATURE COMICS



YO' IS A LIFE-SAVER, SON!

WHEW! IS THAT A RELIEF! OF COURSE, I DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW THEY PLANNED TO EAT ME, BUT ---



THE GHOST COMES TO LIFE

THE coast of New Jersey shuddered under the heavy shelling. It had started at exactly 2 a.m. The first shell landed in the huge parking lot of an ammunition plant. The resultant explosion demolished at least a score of the workers' cars.

Havoc reigned. Several fires broke out and it was only by the superhuman efforts of the plant fire department that serious damage didn't occur.

Sabotage?

The newspapers were running off their first editions when several shells landed farther down the coast. Two Coast Guard cutters were shelled and sunk. A large war plant was blown to bits, killing more than a hundred employees.

Pandemonium really reigned. There was no question now that an enemy submarine had slipped through and shelled the coast cities. But how could anything get through the cordon of protective ships and planes that swarmed up and down the Atlantic?

The War Department was in a dither.

When more shells fell farther south—in the Carolinas, Georgia—the whole nation seethed. What was wrong? How could enemy subs skulk along the coast and shell cities? What was the matter with the Coast Guard?

The night following the last coastal shelling, a convoy of five American ships bound for Cuba were blasted and sunk. The sub crew had strafed the lifeboats—in case there were any lifeboats lowered. Nobody knew the story because nobody returned. There was only the radio message at the start of the attack.

This was the worst mass blow the Allied Powers had received and things started with a vengeance. The Coast patrol was tripled. Convyns were doubly protected by destroyer forces.

No further action occurred along the coast for a week and people began to breathe freely once again. Was this the lull before the real storm?

Vigilance was not lessened. This might be a Nazi trick.

Perry Scott stood on the bridge of the Golden Grail and stared hard into the night. The sea was quiet—ominously so. They hadn't spotted a sub in more than a week; the Nazis seemed to have called off some of their wolf pack in the Atlantic.

A huge Caribbean moon was coming up in the east, like a gigantic orange. It spilled across the water laying a golden carpet from horizon to ship. Scott watched it, remarking after a moment, "No wonder they rave about the Carib nights, eh, Fuzzy?"

Fuzzy Malone, 1st mate, chuckled. "Boy, on a night like this—Hey!" He clapped an arm over Perry's shoulder and pointed with his other hand. "Look!"

The gaunt outlines of an ancient 4-masted schooner crept slowly across the face of the moon. It was a ghost ship. No canvas showed; just the bare bleached spars.

"Holy smoke, it's the old Avion!" cried Perry almost in a whisper. "I've never seen her before."

"You mean," said Fuzzy, "that is the old ghost ship that has been drifting for more than fifty

years?" There was incredulity in Fuzzy's voice.

"The same," replied Scott. "She's been floating all these years, a sort of privileged character ship. Every skipper knows all about her and they all love the old hulk."

"Amazing," muttered Fuzzy. "What's kept her from cracking up on a reef, or being grounded in a storm, or crushed in an ice pack?"

Perry shook his head. "That's the astonishing thing about her, Fuzzy. She's been sighted on all seven seas, but never at close range."

"Be interesting to board her," Fuzzy said. "Might find something."

"They say the skeletons of over a hundred slaves are still in the holds," Perry stated. "You know, she was a 'blackbird' once."

By this time the Avion had vanished into the gloom, and it was as if she had never been there in the moon's path.

"I always have a queer feeling when something like that happens," Perry said. "Can't explain it, but I feel that something is going to happen."

"You mean," said Fuzzy, "that seeing the Avion is an ill omen?"

Perry nodded. "Dunno."

Two nights later the Florida coast—specifically St. Augustine and a couple of small towns farther south—were shelled. Again the Nazis had caught the Coast Guard napping—or so the newspapers proclaimed, in 6-inch headlines.

A pack of sub-chasers converged on the area. Navy planes and blimps hovered everywhere, but no sub was sighted.

FEATURE COMICS

The Golden Grail was cruising just off the shore of Trinidad a few days after the Florida shell-ing when Perry suddenly sighted, low on the north-eastern horizon, the ghostly rigging of the Avion!

"How the dickens could she have drifted this far in so short a time?" Perry asked. "As I remember, the wind has been from the south-west most of the time."

"Yeah," Fuzzy returned. "Does seem kinda funny."

It was more than 'funny' to Perry Scott. The speed at which the old hull had drifted was incredible. Too incredible! The wind had been against it for several days; and abandoned ships don't drift against the wind. And had it drifted with the wind, the time element was still a way off.

Something had caused it to drift where it was now!

But what?

"Maybe the answer is, who caused it?" said Perry. "Do you suspect that there might be someone aboard her? Nazi agents, perhaps?"

"My gosh!" exclaimed Fuzzy. "Mebbe you've got something there, Skipper!"

"We're going to find out." Perry swung about and indicated the horizon to the south. "She was visible off there a few minutes ago. Gone now. Sure must

be drifting plenty fast. Drifting!"

"I get what you mean, Skipper. Well——"

"Change course immediately," Perry ordered. "South-south-east until we sight her."

A half hour later they brought the rigging of the Avion over their bow. She was cutting the water at a great clip, heading directly south.

"Look at that!" Fuzzy cried. "She's doin' thirty knots!"

Perry clapped glasses to his eyes. "Yeah, she is doing all of that," he responded. "We'll stay 'way back—watch what she's up to."

They allowed the speeding Avion to draw away until the hull was below the horizon, then fell in behind.

Toward evening an island loomed far to the south. Guyale Island. Uninhabited.

"She's heading for Guyale," Perry said. "We'll follow when it gets dark. Something going on here."

An hour later in the little harbor of Guyale, they slipped alongside the Avion silently. The Grail was heavily armed. Quickly the crew, headed by Perry, boarded the dark ship. The main hatch was open. Perry shouted down into the brilliantly lighted interior:

"Ahoy below! You're boarded. Do you surrender, or do we use gas?"

There was a lot of muttered curses and surprised gaths. The Germans had been caught completely off guard. That they were Germans Perry knew, because of the thick dialects.

After a moment, "We surrender," came the heavy voice of someone evidently in command.

It required only a few minutes to round up the score of Nazis and clap them in irons. They were the crew of a sub that had been shot to pieces by Allied gunners. So Perry got the story from the captain of the crew.

The Avion had been refitted with powerful Diesels and twin propellers. There were four torpedo tubes aboard and a dozen wicked looking large-calibre cannon, all of them cleverly camouflaged.

"For a 'ghost ship' the old Avion sure has chalked up a neat score of un-ghostly business!" said Perry. "But I think she has run her last course."

In a few minutes they were slipping away from the doomed Avion. When they were about a mile off, a terrific explosion lit up the dark ocean and the Avion had vanished.

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YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS PAPER AS MUCH AS
IT NEEDS PLANES AND GUNS!

YOUR WASTE PAPER WILL HELP
MAKE FOOD AND MEDICAL CONTAINERS,
AS WELL AS WEAPONS OF WAR, FOR OUR
FIGHTING MEN!

PAPER FIGHTS! JOIN THE SCRAP!

PERKY

JUMPIN' CATFISH!
CAN'T YOU LEND ME
A "FIN" UNTIL PERKY
AND I GET BACK
FROM NEW YORK?

SORRY, BOSS!
BUT I JUST LOST
ONE IN A POKER GAME
WITH A COUPLE OF SHARKS!
WHY DON'T YOU
ASK A
GOLDFISH?

CUT IT OUT,
WILL YA? DON'T
YOU GUYS KNOW
I'M OFF THE
GOLD
STANDARD
??

HEY! YOU,
DOWN IN THE
CORNER! -- CAN YOU
READ ALL THAT
STUFF!

EXHIBIT A...

THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE,
WHOSE BOSS HAS BEEN
DRAFTED INTO THE ARMY...
HE'S DOING HIS BEST IN
THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW,
BUT WHAT HE DOESN'T
KNOW ABOUT MAGIC IS
PLENTY!



EXHIBIT B...



THE VANISHING BOX...
PERKY VOLUNTEERED TO
CLIMB INTO IT -- AND
THEN HE REALLY
VANISHED!

THE MAGICIAN IS
TRYING TO BRING HIM
BACK, BUT AS WE
CAN SEE IN...

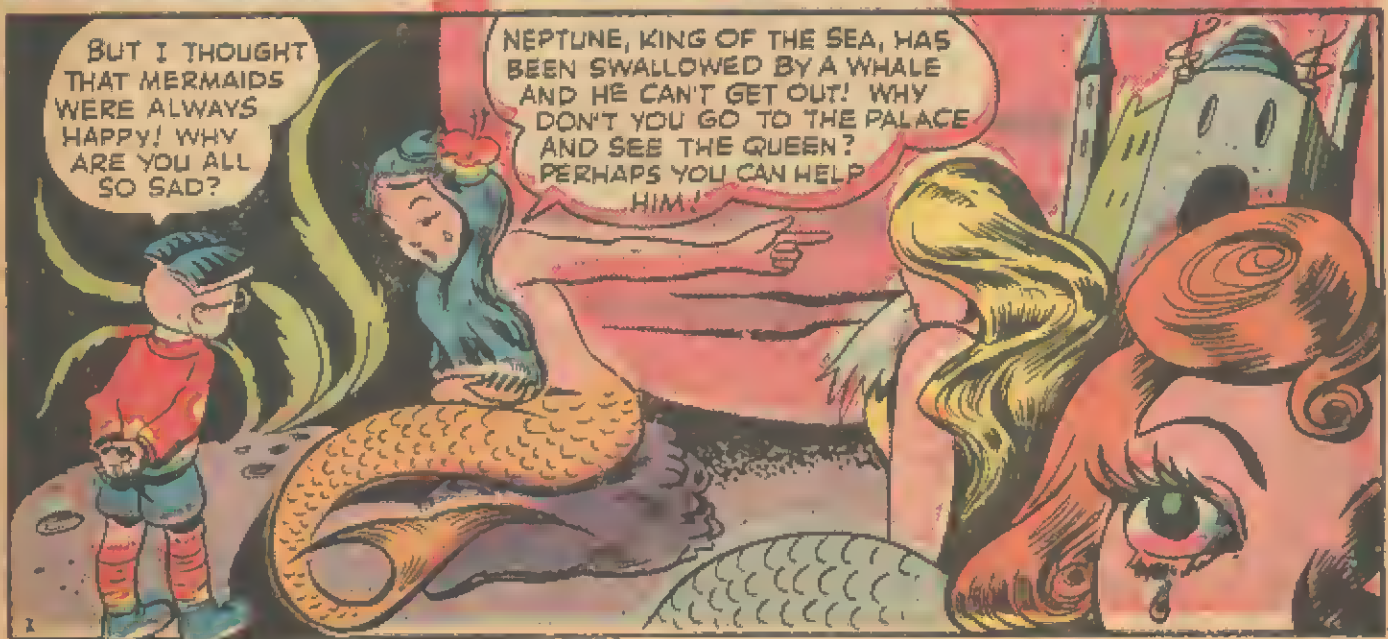
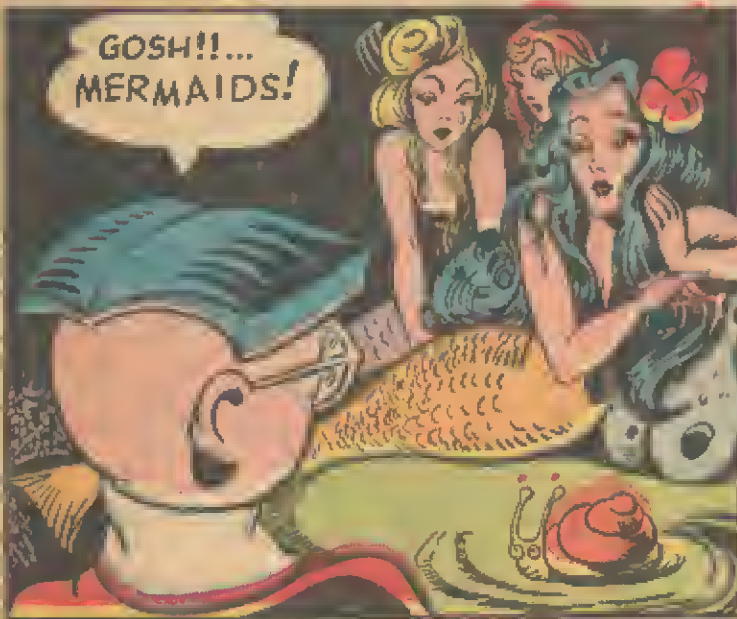
EXHIBIT C...

...EVERY TIME HE
PULLS THE LEVER, HE
SENDS PERKY FLYING
-- INTO THE FAIRY LANDS
NO ONE EVER SAW
BEFORE!

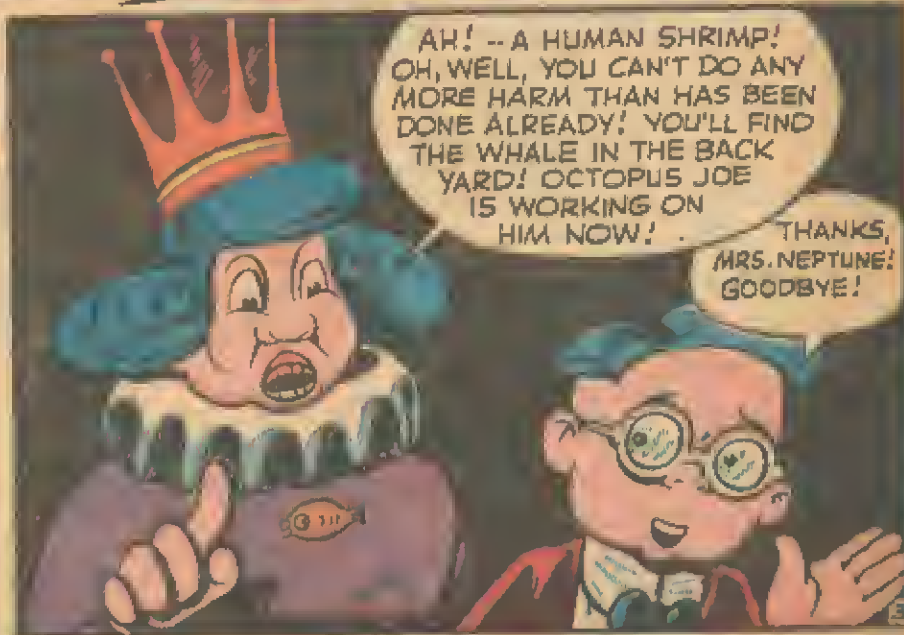
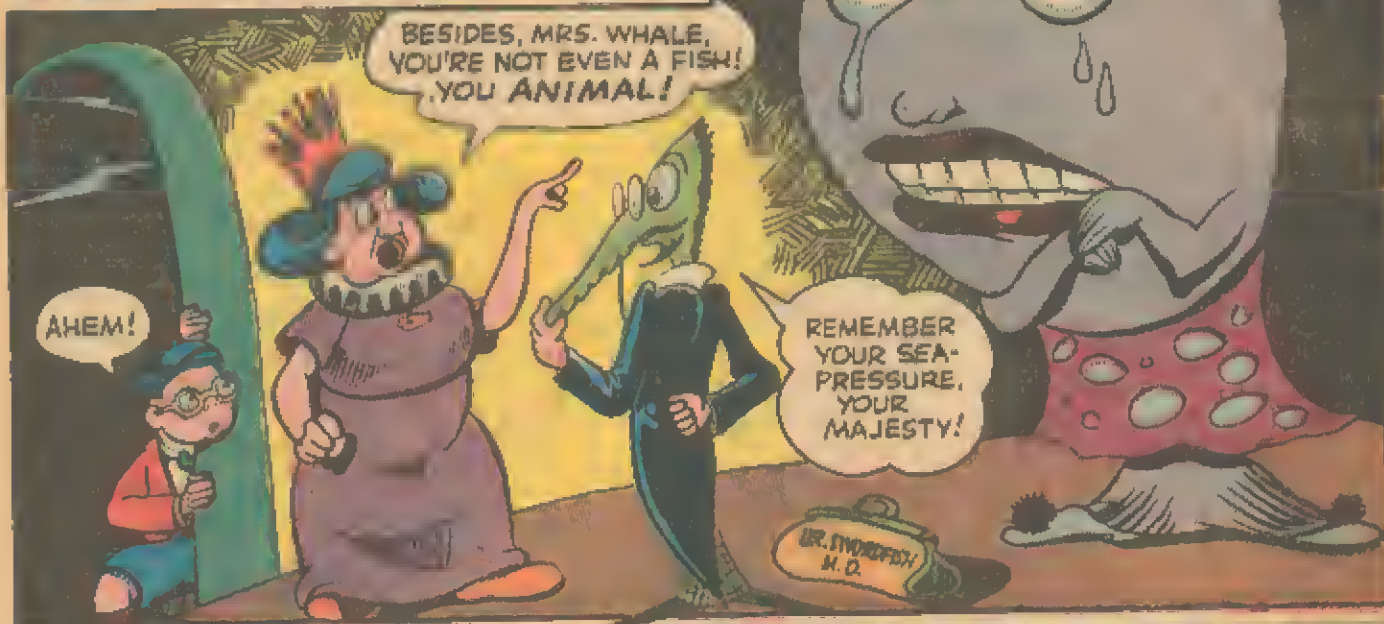
SURE!
WHAT DO
YOU THINK
I WENT
TO SCHOOL
FOR?



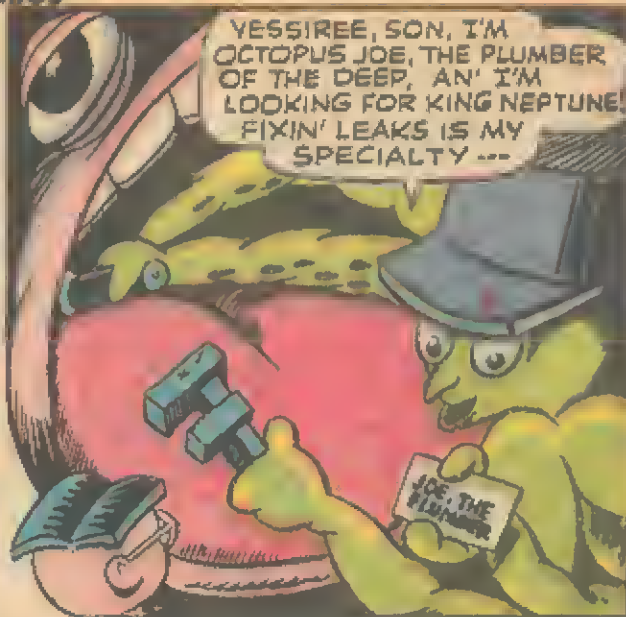
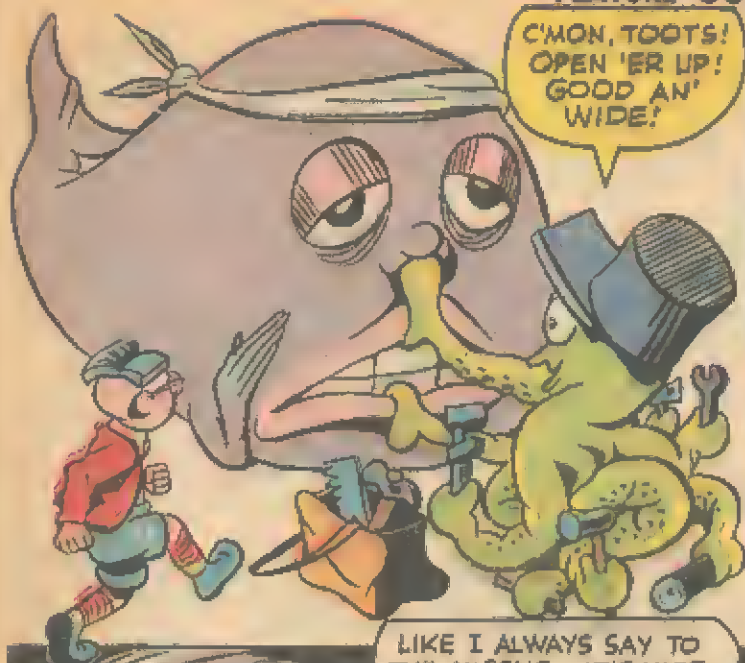
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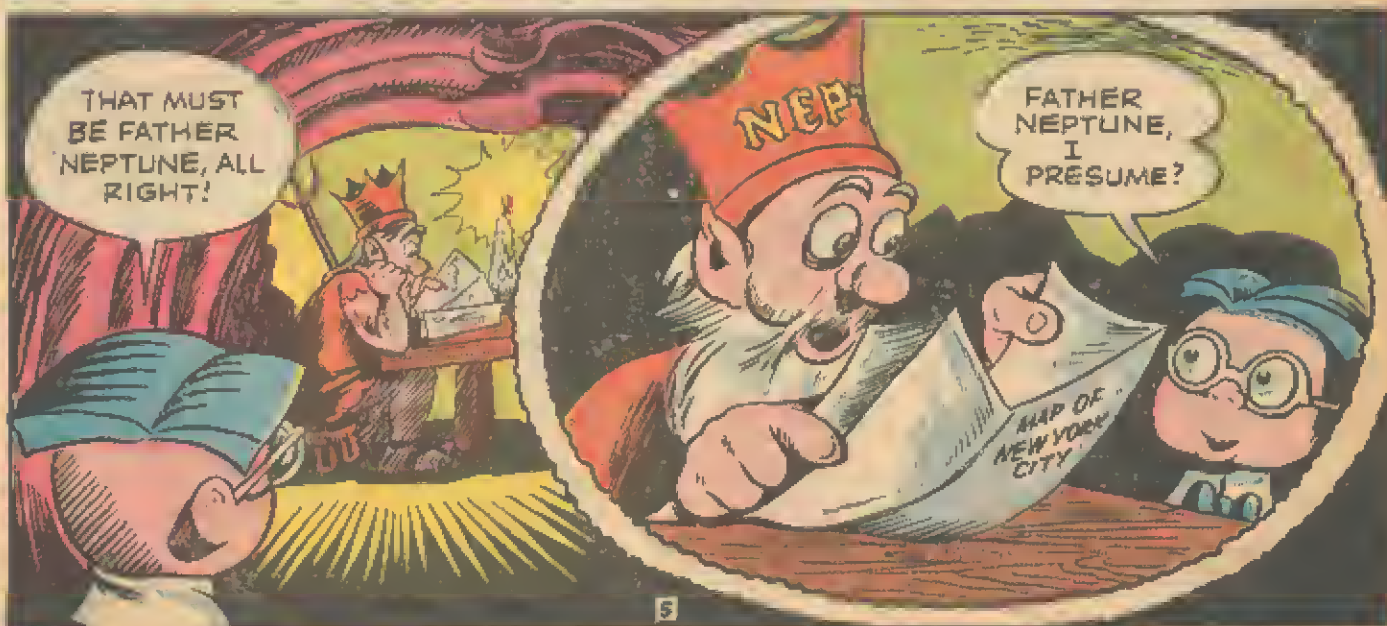
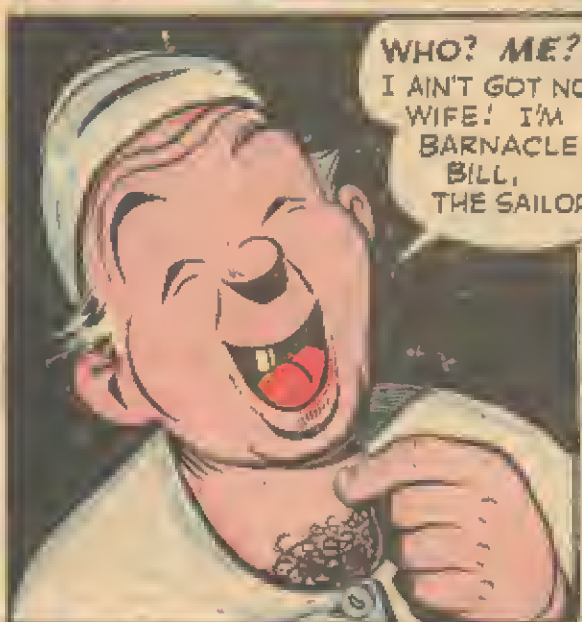
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



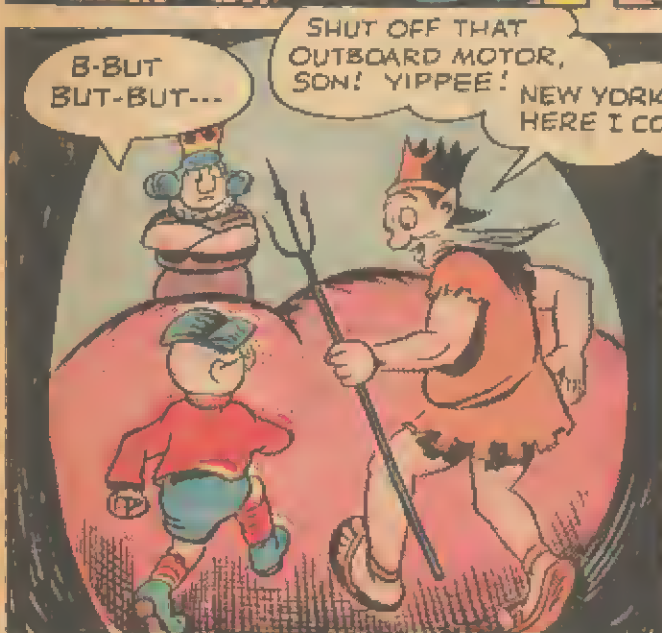
A HUMAN CHILD!
WHERE DO YOU
COME FROM,
YOUNGSTER?

BROOKLYN-
B-BUT---



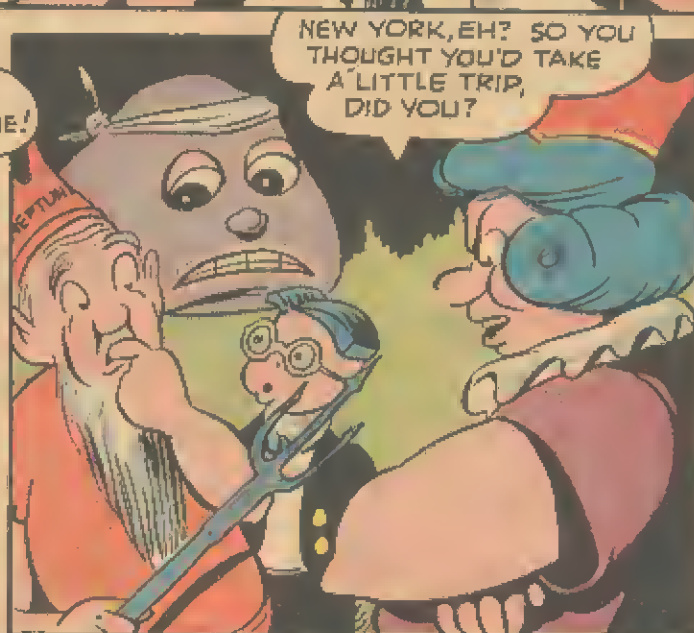
THEN THIS MUST BE
NEW YORK! WE'VE
LANDED AT LAST! C'MON,
LET'S TAKE IN THE SIGHTS
AT THE AQUARIUM -- THEN
WE'LL SWIM UPTOWN TO
BROADWAY! OH, BOY!
OH, BOY!

B-BUT
BUT --

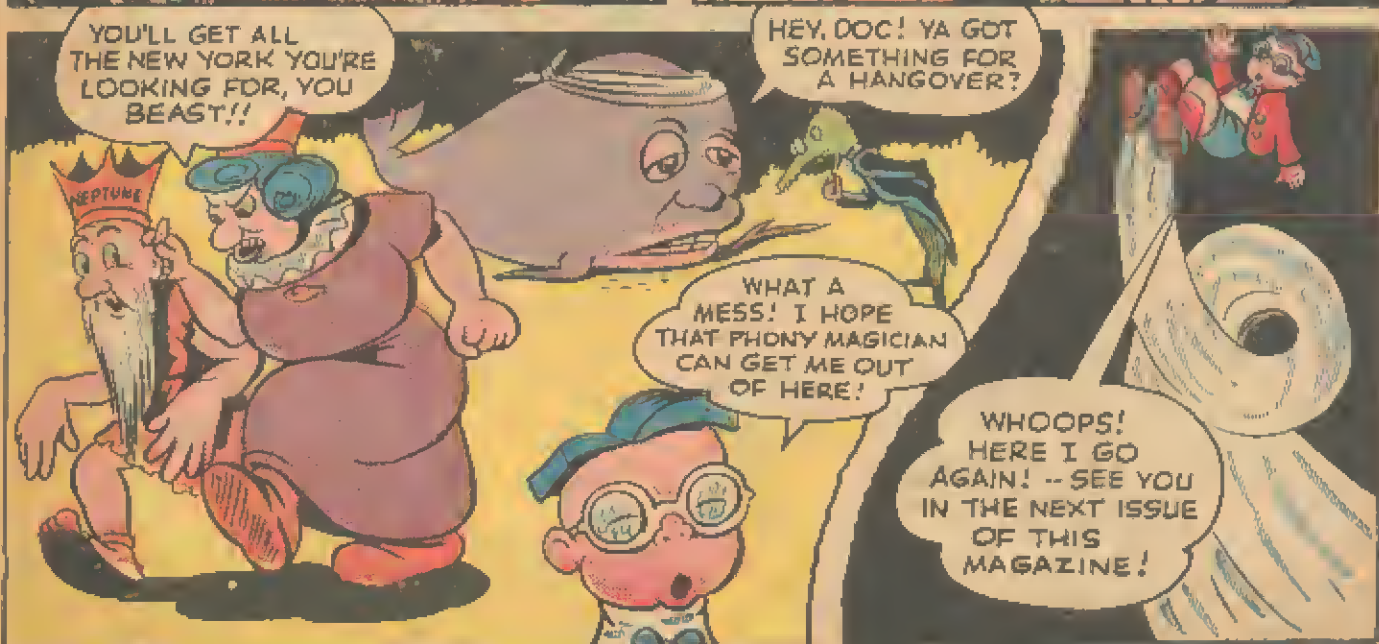


B-BUT
BUT-BUT---

SHUT OFF THAT
OUTBOARD MOTOR,
SON! YIPPEE! NEW YORK,
HERE I COME!



NEW YORK, EH? SO YOU
THOUGHT YOU'D TAKE
A LITTLE TRIP,
DID YOU?



YOU'LL GET ALL
THE NEW YORK YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR, YOU
BEAST!!

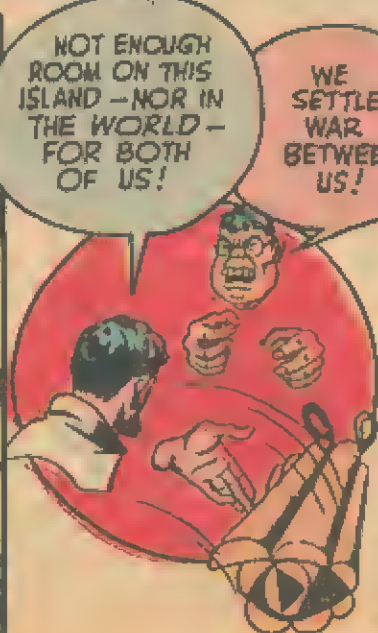
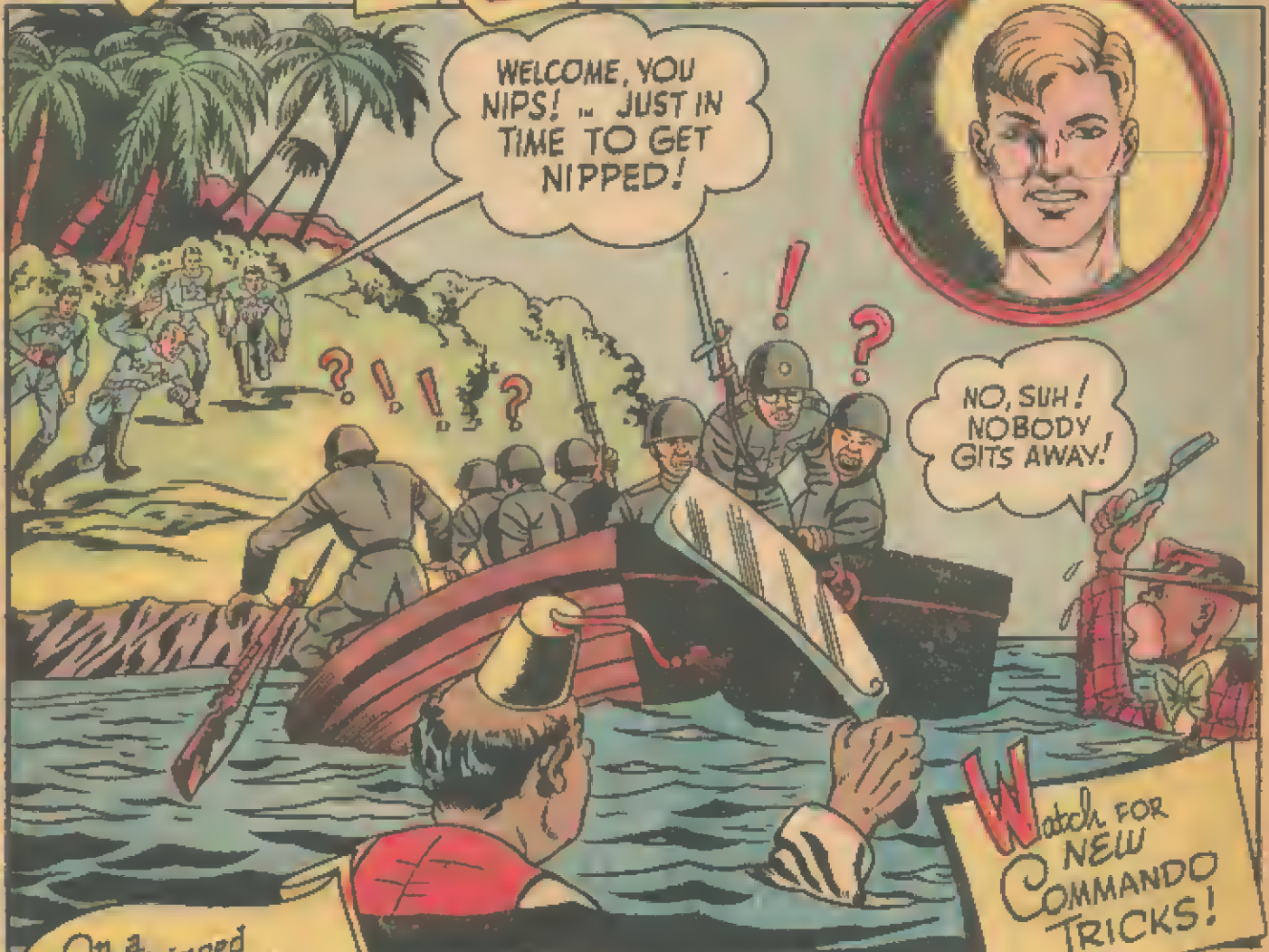
HEY, DOC! YA GOT
SOMETHING FOR
A HANGOVER?

WHAT A
MESS! I HOPE
THAT PHONY MAGICIAN
CAN GET ME OUT
OF HERE!

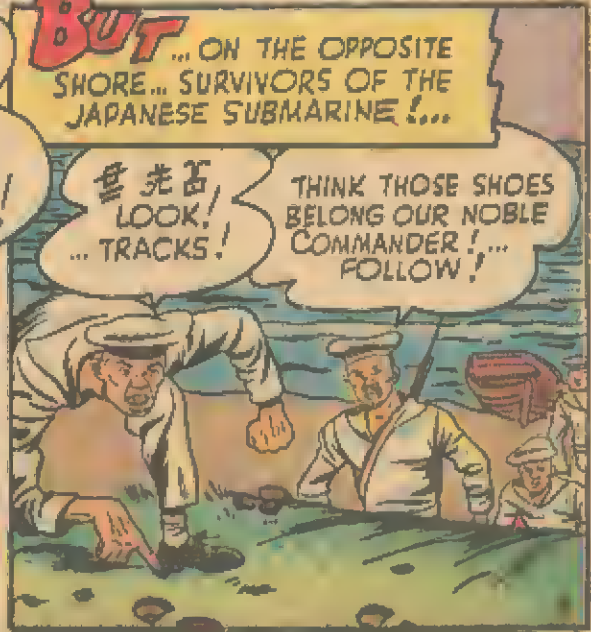
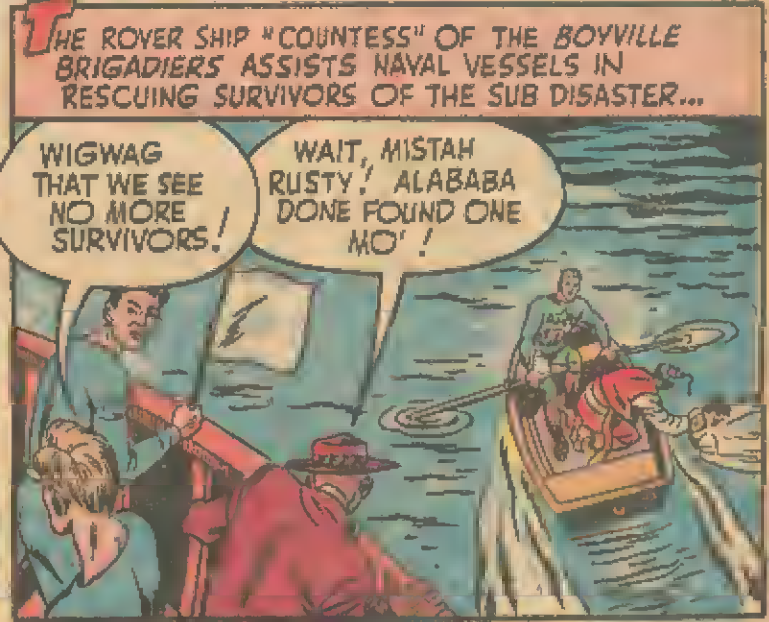
WHOOPS!
HERE I GO
AGAIN! -- SEE YOU
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF THIS
MAGAZINE!

RUSTY RYAN

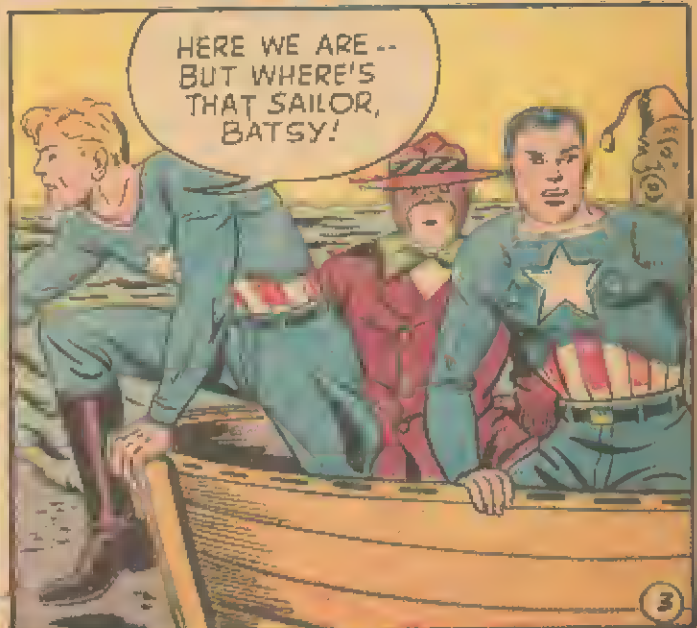
and the
BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS



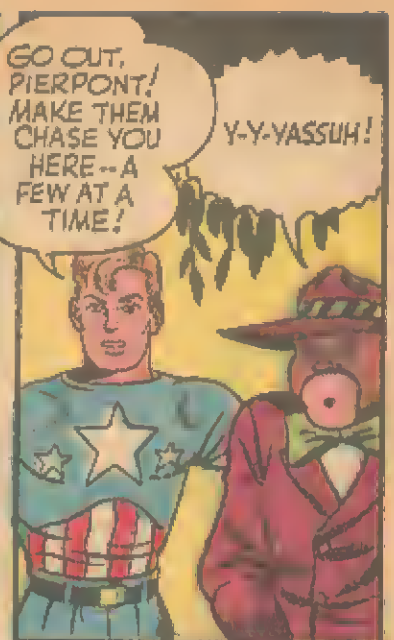
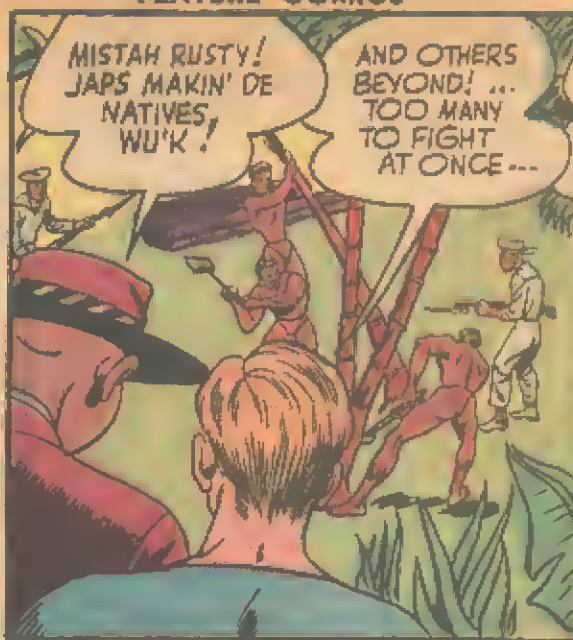
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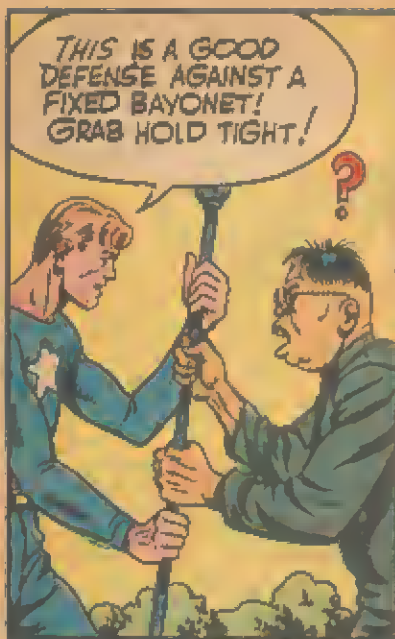
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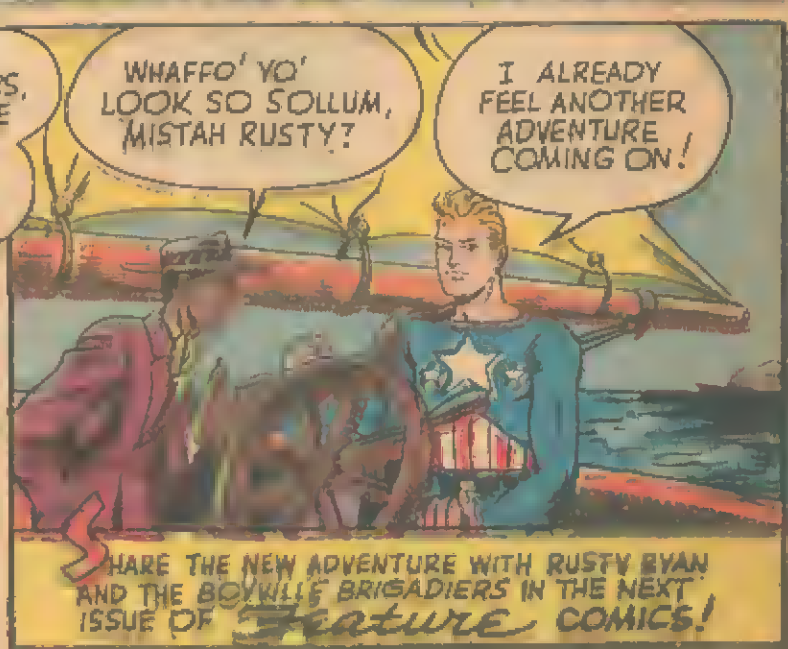
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



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24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

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This is not a cheap, un-
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original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of Imitations

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Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

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Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive put deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost) plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance. If you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

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☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage Two for \$2.98

Name..... (Please print plainly)

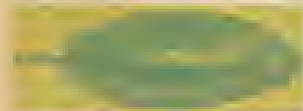
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AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



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Boy! Oh! Boy!

What **MUSCLE...**
What a **BUILD... What SPEED!**

I'll tell you—You're Way Up Front With
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All my life I've been making big muscles out of little ones. I've trained thousands of average boys and young men. I've trimmed down heavyweights. I've built up scrawny little fellows. I've done it in person; I've done it thousands of miles away! I've developed an amazing method called Power-Plus, the most original system for physical development ever

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from

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Beat the Other Fellow to the PUNCH!

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I want to make a winner of you! I don't care how old you are, where you live, or what you do, my proposition goes for YOU. Get started before the rest of the crowd does!

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Show this to Your Mother or Dad!
TO PARENTS: Encourage your son to care for and improve his body. Give him every chance for health, strength and self-reliance. Undoubtedly, you know of me and my work. You know you can safely put your son's physical future in my hands. The above letters I enclose speak for themselves. Sincerely,
JOE BONOMO